UNPRECEDENTED SALE OF THE JOHN NOBLE MODEL COSTUMES,

DIRECT FROM THE LARGEST FIRM OF COSTUME MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD. OVER 1,000 WELL-PAID WORKERS EMPLOYED IN LIGHT, AIRY WORK-ROOMS, UNDER THE STRICTEST SANITARY SUPERVISION. EVERY GARMENT SCIENTIFICALLY CUT, BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED, AND GUARANTEED MADE WITHOUT SWEATING.

Cheques, Money Orders, and Postal Orders should be crossed LONDON AND MIDLAND BANK, and made payable to JOHN NOBLE LTD., MANCHESTER.

THE JOHN NOBLE

Knockabout Frocks

Are indisputably the most marvellous value ever offered for Girls' wear.

Every Frock thoroughly well made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle top, very full sleeves, and pocket. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, drab, or grey. These Frocks are just the one thing wanted for a young girl, as they are loose fitting, and allow plenty of freedom for the limbs.

FROM **1/6** EACH.

Lengths	21	24	27	30	33 ins.
Price	1/6	2/-	2/6	3/-	3/6 ea.
Lengths	36	39	42	45	ins.
Price	4/-	4/6	5/-	5/6	ea.

Every purchaser delighted.

Postage 4½d. extra.

Model 226.

THE JOHN NOBLE

CHEVIOT SERGE COSTUME.

A very elegant design, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle top, loose hanging skirt, full sleeves and deep cuffs. The skirt, cuffs, and saddle are effectively trimmed gold silk braid, and the whole garment is well made and finished throughout. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, grey, or drab.

FROM **2/3** EACH.

Sizes and prices as follows:—

Lengths	21	24	27	30	33 ins.
Price	2/3	2/9	3/4	3/11	4/6 ea.
Lengths	36	39	42	45	ins.
Price	5/3	6/-	7/-	8/-	ea.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

THE JOHN NOBLE

VELVET TRIMMED COSTUME.

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle top, full sleeves, and pocket. The skirt is prettily trimmed with a deep crossband of black velvet; the saddle and cuffs are of black velvet, and the pocket is trimmed with the same. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze, green, ruby, tan, drab, or grey.

FROM **2/9** EACH.

Sizes and prices as follows:

Lengths	21	24	27	30	33ins.
Price	2/9	3/9	4/9	5/9	6/9 ea.
Lengths	36	39	42	45ins.	
Price	7/9	8/9	9/9	10/9 ea.	

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

Model 225.

THE JOHN NOBLE

Cheviot Serge REEFER OUTFIT.

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, a navy blue or black, consisting of a double-breasted Reefer Jacket, very neatly made and finished, with gilt buttons, and lined through with Italian Cloth; also a Costume with full round kilted skirt, the bodice and skirt being prettily trimmed with rows of white braid.

Lengths	21	24	27 inches.
Price	6/6	7/6	9/- each.
Lengths	30	33	36 inches.
Price	10/9	12/6	14/6 each.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

Please consider that here is offered the Costume complete, together with fashionable Double-breasted Reefer Jacket.—The two garments for about the price of one.

Model 229.

THE LENGTHS STATED ABOVE ARE FROM TOP OF NECKBAND TO BOTTOM OF SKIRT IN FRONT.

Ladies' Costume Skirt.

Model 211.

8/11

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge trimmed two rows handsome Chenille braid; the hem is faced inside with stoutlinette, and protected at the extreme edge with bold worsted cord. A really handsome Skirt, in black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, grey, tan, or drab.

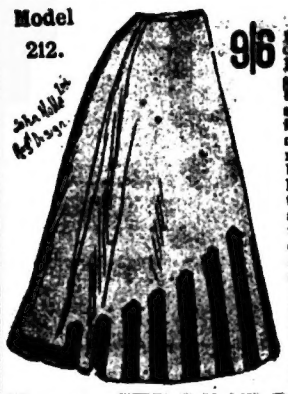
8/11

Price 8/11.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

Ladies' Costume Skirt

Model 212.



An extremely pretty and effective design, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge gathered back with broad box pleat each side, trimmed in front with graduated perpendicular rows of new fancy braid continued horizontally round the back; the skirt is protected at the extreme edge with silk worsted cord, and may be had in black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, grey, tan, or drab. Price 9/6.

9/6

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d extra.

THE JOHN NOBLE HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

NEW REGISTERED DESIGN.

HIGHEST DIPLOMA & GOLD MEDAL AWARDED,

British and Colonial Industrial Exhibition, Manchester, October, 1894.

Direct from the Largest Firm of Costume Manufacturers in the World at less than Half Ordinary Prices.

These Costumes are made in the **John Noble Cheviot Serge**, in black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, grey, or drab, and supplied complete for the ridiculous price of **10/6** each, packed in leatherboard box, and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38 inches round the bust under arms, but larger or special sizes can be made to order at a cost of 1/6 extra.

10/6

The John Noble Half-Guinea Costumes, the most remarkable value ever produced, have created a complete revolution in the cost of garments for Ladies' wear, and have secured beyond a doubt

The Admiration of the World.

The present design excels all previous ones in every respect. The style is better, the cut is superior, and the make and finish beyond all criticism, thus adding in a triple degree to the already marvellous value of these Costumes, which are trimmed with fine silk cord, and are worn in every part of the civilised world.

THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (Regd.)

Is a fabric of great durability and world-wide fame. It is 52 inches wide, does not spot with rain, and may be washed whenever necessary. Colours: Navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, drab, tan, or black. Every reader can secure a Full Dress Length of Six Yards for 7/6. Sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

7/6

☞ **PATTERNS** will be sent **POST FREE** if desired to any reader of *Pearson's Weekly* on application.

LADIES' COSTUME SKIRT.

Model 254.

5/6

Improved wide shape, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, untrimmed, well made throughout. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, grey, or drab. Price only 5/6 complete.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

LADIES' COSTUME SKIRT.

Model 208.

6/11

A very neat style in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, trimmed round the extreme edge with a row of new fancy braid, edged gold silk Russia Braid. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, grey, tan, or drab.

6/11

Price only 6/11.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

JOHN NOBLE LTD., THE WAREHOUSE, 11, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

THE JOHN NOBLE

OPEN COAT COSTUME.

Model 301.

Made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, and consisting of smart full width tailor-made skirt, and stylish well-cut out-door jacket, latest style, with square corners, neat revers, and specially designed to remain fastened or open. Made in three sizes and will fit any figure from 32ins. to 40ins. round bust under arms; skirts 40ins. long. Larger sizes 1s. 6d. extra. Colours: Navy, Electric Blue, Bronze-Green, Fawn, Grey, or Black. Price only

10/6

each, packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

THE JOHN NOBLE COSTUME FOR YOUNG MISSES.

Model 222.

A new style that has quite taken the public fancy. The Costume is in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, and the bodice is made with prettily gathered front, full fashionable sleeves, shaped belt, and fastens up the back. The skirt is trimmed with four rows of narrow black Russia Braid; the cuffs, collar, and belt of bodice being trimmed similarly.

From **6/6** each.

Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, drab, or grey.

Lengths	38	42 inches
Price ...	6/6	7/-
Lengths	46	50 inches
Price ...	7/9	8/9

The lengths stated above are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

Each Costume packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

Model 223.

COSTUME FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Young Ladies' Fashionable Costume, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, trimmed Russia Braid on Skirt and Bodice. The Bodice is made with stand-up collar, full gathered front, full sleeves, new shape epaulets, and Swiss Belt. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, ruby, bronze green, tan, grey, or drab.

FROM **7/6** each.

Lengths	38	42 ins.
Price ...	7/6	8/6
Lengths	46	50 ins.
Price...	9/6	10/9

The lengths stated above are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

Each Costume packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

LADIES' POPULAR SUIT.

15/-

Model 302

Made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, in Navy, Electric Blue, Bronze-Green, Brown, Fawn, Grey, or Black. Suit consists of newest shape open coat with full sleeves, fashionable revers and pockets all trimmed tailor stitching; also full gracefully-cut skirt, trimmed to match coat, and bound bias velvet binding at extreme edge. Ordinary stock sizes fit any figure from 32ins. to 42ins. round bust, the skirts being 38, 40, or 42ins. long. Larger sizes 1/6 extra.

15/-

Price only 15/- each.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

A WARNING.—Readers are specially cautioned against buying any Costumes represented as the manufacture of John Noble Ltd., from travellers, agents, or shops. Many very inferior imitations of these world-famed Costumes are just now being offered—produced in inferior materials in order to sell them at the same price; but as John Noble Ltd. have no agents, no travellers, no branches or shops, intending purchasers are advised to post their orders direct, and to remember that for quality of material, stylish shapes, perfection of make and finish, combined with great durability, the John Noble Model Costumes are far ahead of everything else in the market.

JOHN NOBLE LTD., The Warehouse, 11, Piccadilly, MANCHESTER.

NOW ON SALE, Part VIII. of FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITES. It contains sixteen charming full-page photographs of leading actors and actresses, and is quite as beautifully produced as the preceding seven parts. Price Sixpence.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 254.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 1, 1895. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

WHEN BABY GOES TO SLEEP.

WHEN Katie takes the baby, and the nodding little head
Gives token that it's weary and would like to go to bed,
An air of deathlike stillness 'bout the house begins to creep,
And everybody's silent when the baby goes to sleep.

Sometimes I get so frightened that I almost lose my breath—
If I chance to make a bit of noise it scares me 'most to death—
When from 'neath a tiny eyebrow I see a half-way peep
From big blue eyes, when baby has almost gone to sleep.

And when at last the twinkling of a tiny smile appears
On lips that angel kisses softly touch as dreaming nears,
I give a sigh of gladness that is full of thanks, and deep,
That the world can once more move on, for baby's gone to sleep.

A CORNER IN INK.

ALL the ink with which the United States Government prints its paper money is made by one man. The father of the present manufacturer, a Mr. Eddy, invented the ink, but he never told anyone how he did it until just before he died, when he let his son into the secret of its composition.

Had a fatal accident happened to the inventor before he told his son about the ink, the Government printer would have been in a dilemma, for Mr. Eddy's invention is the only kind of ink that will print on the peculiar surface of the fibre of which Government note-paper is made.

The present Mr. Eddy employs only six men in the manufacture of his ink, and none of them are in the secret. Not one of them has yet seen Mr. Eddy in the interesting act of mixing the ingredients of which the ink is composed. He locks himself up in his own room two weeks in every year, and it is there and then that he mixes stuff enough to supply the Government with ink for the ensuing twelve months, and receives for this £10,000 a year.

ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES.

THE general was one of those gentlemen "appointed to live abroad for the benefit of their country"—that is, he was one of the British Ministers to Italy.

While in Italy the general had collected a goodly fund of stories, not the worst of them being one in which he himself was an actor. It seems that he, with a numerous company of ambassadors and consuls, had been to a grand dinner in Naples. The flow of wine had been quite as noticeable as that of the soul, but the general and one of his friends were moderate in their libations, and left early, intending to take a short walk before going to bed.

Arm in arm they wandered quietly along until they came to the principal square of the city. Now, in this square was an obelisk, planted, as the general knew, very firmly upon its base. But, lo! as he entered the square he distinctly saw the obelisk wavering from side to side.

"Did you see that?" asked the general, grasping his companion convulsively.

"Yes," answered the latter.

"Well; what do you think about it?" said the general.

"Well, I think the sooner we get home and to bed the better. Consider the disgrace to our respective Foreign Offices if we were found in the streets of Naples in this condition."

So with due regard to their supposed condition, the general and his friend carefully felt their way along, holding on to the railings. They arrived safely at their hotel, tumbled into bed, and, as in duty bound, slept late into the next morning. When they came sheepishly down to breakfast, the bustling waiter's greeting carried with it both pain and pleasure:

"Did the noble gentlemen feel the earthquake last night?"

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RELATIONS AS SERVANTS.

THERE is one peculiarity about the Mexicans in their social and family relations which I doubt to exist among any other people on the globe. While it is true that a majority of those occupying the highest social and political positions in the country are descendants of the proud aristocratic Spaniards, yet it is equally true that a great many others of wealth and acknowledged leadership have come up from the lower ranks by some sudden turn of the wheel of fortune or by the marvellous transformation of society due to a revolution.

The Mexican who acquires fame and fortune never forgets or neglects his poor kin; he treats his more impecunious relatives in a queer way. He takes them into his household as servants, giving to them the most menial service, but never denying the relationship or attempting to conceal it.

I know of many instances where a rich Mexican's mother is his cook, his sister his parlour-maid, and his father or brother his butler. The Englishmen would either disown them altogether, or put them on an equal footing with himself.

HOW TO FIRE A REVOLVER.

IT is a peculiar fact that very few men, even accomplished shots, know how a revolver ought to be handled. Nearly all are taught to handle a revolver as if it were a rifle—that is, by bringing the object aimed at and the fore and hind sights into a line. This is all well enough for shooting-gallery practice, but should never be followed in the field.

In training troops to use the revolver, they are taught, in aiming, never to look at the weapon at all, but to keep their eyes on the object to be struck. In quick firing, and especially in shooting from horseback, much better results are obtainable in this way.

A man throwing a stone does not look at his hand, neither does a billiard player sight along his cue. The same rules apply to the use of short weapons. I have seen men trained to shoot excellently at a mark when they could not see their pistol sights at all.

Pieces of pastboard were fastened just in front of the cylinders, which effectually prevented the men from using their foresights, and greatly increased the rapidity, as well as the accuracy of their fire.

Nearly any one can sight a pistol correctly, the inaccuracy of the aim being due to trembling of the hands before the trigger is pressed. By hiding the sight the temptation to hold too long is removed, and the first aim, generally the most accurate, is preserved.

A MUCH-PUZZLED HUSBAND.

THERE is one married man living who was badly frightened the other night. He sent a note to his wife about nine o'clock to say that he would not be home until late. The messenger boy, when he delivered the note to the wife, happened to mention that he had gone to the wrong house, and had been very wrathfully treated by a man for disturbing him. The wife read the note, which was on a scrap of paper. She thought a minute. Then she said to the messenger boy:

"I'll give you a shilling if you will take the note back to my husband, and tell him that story without saying that you came here at all."

The boy pocketed the money and went back to the husband with the note.

"Well, why do you bring this back?" he asked.

"Because they wouldn't take it. A man came to the door, and told me if I didn't go away he would break my neck for me."

The husband did not stay out late that evening. On the contrary he got home as fast as the underground train could take him. He looked suspiciously at his wife, and said:

"I sent a note, but the boy must have taken it to the wrong house."

"I suppose so," said the wife, innocently; "I haven't got it."

The man was dying to find out if anybody had called, but he was afraid to ask.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' DERBY DAY DINNER.

FOR many years past the evening of the Derby Day has witnessed at Marlborough House a dinner given by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to a select party of his personal friends and the leading patrons of the turf. In former days the Earl of Wilton held a similar gathering on the Monday preceding the great race; and Mr. Edmund Tattersall, it is well known, entertains on the same date some of the racing celebrities at his private residence.

As a sight to look upon—the privilege of but few—the dining-room at Marlborough House, duly prepared for the advent of the guests, has rarely been surpassed for magnificence and good taste. Invitations are usually sent out to about fifty royal and distinguished personages.

Unlike the last Prince of Wales, the present most popular Heir-Apparent has not had much luck on the turf, though the brilliant performance of his yachts must go far to compensate for many disappointments.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald tells us that the Prince Regent, at the outset of his career, in 1788, won the Derby. "From this date," he says, "until 1792, when he first retired from the turf, he was so fortunate as to win one-hundred and eighty-four races, including eighteen King's Plates, with a valuable stake now and then of three or four thousand guineas. Adding the prizes together, he will be found to have won about £30,000; but the cost of his stud was stated to have been some £30,000 a year.

As might naturally be expected, the principal feature of the Prince's *salle à manger* is the table—a noble piece of furniture capable of seating fifty guests with ease. At the Derby Day dinner a magnificent display of plate—of which the Prince possesses a remarkably fine collection—is to be seen, and frequently the cups and vases for competition at the coming "Royal Ascot" are there "on view."

But the centre-piece is the chief work of art—a right royal plateau of silver, nearly 5ft. in length, bearing a candelabra highly chased and decorated with the traditional symbols of the three kingdoms and the Prince of Wales' arms.

The table-napkins are very simply folded, there being no such fantastic arrangement as one generally sees; and this is also the case at Buckingham Palace and Windsor.

The *cuisine* is excellent, the service perfection; the Prince is the most genial and charming of hosts; every one is soon at his ease; and after the due appreciation of the dinner, smoking becomes general; and the guests separate with the unanimous hope that fortune may one day bestow upon H.R.H. the Prince of Wales the Blue Riband of that turf of which he is so enthusiastic and consistently generous a supporter.

STAYATT HOLMES: "Was your expedition successful?"

Arctic Explorer: "Yes; we got back."

SHE: "Oh, yes; I quite believe there's a fool in every family. Don't you?"

He: "Well—er—my opinion's rather biassed. You see, I'm the only member of the family."

"So they discovered him in spite of the fact that he was disguised as a woman?" said one detective to another.

"Yes."

"How did they find out that he was a man?"

"They got him into a game of cards, and he always knew what the trump was."

Before you turn over.

The "Burglary Season" being now over, please note that the Burglary Insurance Coupon appears for the last time for the present this week. In our next issue particulars of a grand extension of the Fatal Accident Insurance Policy will be announced.

It will be worth your while to make a special visit to your nearest newsagent's or bookstall every Thursday morning to inspect (and admire) the new designs for the cover of HOME NOTES, and to purchase a copy for your lady friend to read.

A SPOT IN THE ORBIT.

Eric Tassel was making his periodical round of calls upon the editors of the local publications to which he contributed. It was a way Tassel had, to call once in a while, smile on the lions in their respective dens for a few minutes each, then to obliterate himself for another month or so. During these calls (which the editors are pleased to consider as being for the purpose of "keeping in touch") Tassel, as a rule, never "talked shop," never delivered a story or poem. Tassel had learned many things, one of which was that no writer is truly great in the eyes of the editor to whom he discloses a weakness for cigarettes, or an anxiety as to when his latest contribution is to appear.

Therefore, he sent his manuscripts by post, and when he called on the editor it was merely to discuss tennis, billiards, aquatics, or whatever else the man with whom he was talking might be interested in. Thereby, Tassel had always succeeded in maintaining his dignity with and before those who held his literary destiny in the hollow of their hands, and he was valued accordingly, as were his productions, by the whole editorial race.

To-day, however, Tassel had not been Tassel. He climbed three flights of unswept, cobwebby stairs to the den of his friend Marling, editor of the Sunday Graphic, and flopped into a chair somewhat wearily after shaking hands with the man at the big, paper-strewn desk, who smiled at him cheerfully.

"I want you to help me, Marling; I have just got a letter from the editor of the Eastern Magazine, saying he would be 'pleased to consider' a story of about 10,000 words. But he wants it at once, so I'm in a quandary, for I haven't a thought worth thinking, and I'm anxious, as you know, to get in with these people. Can't you give me an idea? Just a suggestion, you know."

"Well, well! You, Eric Tassel, Tassel of the prolific pen, suffering for an idea! I am surprised!"

"That's correct, though," said Tassel, with a weary smile. "I'm done up —— just done, for ideas. Worked out, I expect."

"See here, Tassel," said Marling, seriously, "you look dead tired. The best thing you can do is to take a rest for a while. Take my advice and —— "

"Hullo! Where'd you get that thing?" asked Tassel (who had not been listening), with sudden interest. "That" was a human skull of remarkable frontal development, suspended by wires from the ceiling over the desk, and degraded to the base uses of a flower-pot; a dainty vine creeping out through the jaws and the ocular and nasal orifices, and drooping gracefully downwards.

"The skull? Oh, a friend of mine who owns a farm down in the country sent it to me; one of his men ploughed it up in a field. Wonderful case of development, isn't it? Just look at the bulge! Not exactly abnormal, but really extraordinary. I wonder what manner of man he was, and what he would have said if he could only have known that his brain space would be occupied by plain garden mould? That reminds me—in fact, every skull reminds me—of something a well-known surgeon told me one time, and which I intended to use in a story some day. But, with my usual procrastination, I have thus far failed to write the story. It shall be done next week, however, without fail, because——"

"Well?" spoke Tassel, as the other paused.

"Oh, of course; I forgot to tell you. There's been some luck for me. Next week I divide the editorial work with a new man, and go with Mitford and Cowles, the publishers, as reader."

"Mitford and Cowles! Why, that's good. I'm going to give them the MS. of my book. Now I can hope for intelligent consideration. That old mummy they've got there now is no good, and up to this time I have been worrying as to what pet portion of the book he'd want me to cut out, and what he'd want me to ruin before setting the seal of his approval on it. This is a joy—but, pardon me, old man, let me congratulate you on your own account as well."

"Thanks. But what was I saying? Oh, yes, the skull. Well, my friend the surgeon told me how to do away with a person without leaving any trace likely to be discovered by even the most observing medical men, and, moreover, not likely to be looked for. It is this:

"First, your man or woman, as the case may be. No well-regulated murder ever took place without some one to figure as the party of the second part. Next, the circumstances. These must be favourable to a certain extent to the successful accomplishment of the deed. Then the instruments—a bottle of chloroform or some other anæsthetic, a sponge and a long steel needle, or similar instrument; strong and slender—and you are ready.

"When the victim is sufficiently under the influence of the drug, lift the eyelid gently, and thrust the needle upward ever so carefully, being sure to avoid abrading the eyeball. In the inner corner of the eye is another sort of lid—a kind of sheath, fitting tightly to the ball—I can't think what they call it—never can think of those things when I most want to. Well, you insert the point of the needle under this and upward, very slowly, until you encounter a slight resistance to the point, caused by your touching the roof of the orbit. Another push, not necessarily more than the hundredth part of an inch, and the deed is done. You see here," and he paused to illustrate with a pin on the hanging skull, "how very thin the roof of the orbit is, and how easily penetrated.

"Well, when the victim comes to himself, while he may have nausea as a result of the anæsthetic, he is totally unaware of the fact that he has been murdered. Yes, most victims are, to be sure. But all the time a tiny clot of blood is forming about that insignificant orifice in the roof of the orbit. Nine days later the subject is attacked with—what is it that heavy-necked men die of?—oh, yes, apoplexy. He has a violent attack of apoplexy, and dies with all the symptoms of that disease exhibited by ordinary apoplectics.

"Good idea? To be sure. I'm going to try it on that Miss Preston who has a little poem foundry and expects me to consume the total output. Not going, are you?"

"Yes, I must," responded Tassel. "I promised to meet my brother and go to lunch with him, and I'm overdue now. I'll pile the great English novel in on you in about two days at Mitford and Cowles. Good-bye."

"Let it come," laughed Marling. "I'm hungry to see it. Good-bye!"

* * * *

Marling, chin in hand, and elbow on knee, sat in his office in the building occupied by Mitford and Cowles, the publishers—a firm whose approval or disapproval made or marred the career of many an earnest, aspiring author.

Marling was troubled. He had read and re-read Tassel's manuscript, the sheets of which represented months of work and the hope of a lifetime. He had read it, and found it mediocre, a work that was weak, crude, unworthy of Tassel, with its false ring of optimism, its striving after the solution of abstract social problems, and its half-developed theories. It was better than the average novel of the day; that was all. It did not possess even the merit of having been written in Tassel's immaculate, polished style. He had set his aim high and—overreached. And it was for Marling, one of his warmest admirers, to tell him so.

The new reader for Mitford and Cowles was almost sick at heart to think of this, but he owed a duty to his employers, to Tassel, to himself, and it had to be done.

The door opened and Tassel entered, smiling, with:

"Well?"

"Come in; sit down. I want to talk to you," replied Marling, drawing up a chair.

Tassel took the proferred seat, and looked at the other man interrogatively. The smile was gone from his face now; he had gathered from Marling's manner that something was wrong.

"Well?" he said again, as Marling hesitated.

"Well, old man, I'm awfully sorry, but——"

"But the book is a failure," supplied Tassel, promptly, white to the very lips. "Don't dissemble, and don't pity me, Marling. Tell me why it is."

Marling told him, and he listened quietly while the reader pointed out the defects in his work.

"But," said Tassel, when the other paused, "do you for one moment imagine that the general public will see these technical defects? Do you——"

"Yes, and no," interrupted Marling. "A certain portion surely would. For the multitude, for the non-thinkers, who would not, you are not writing.

"Do you wish this work to go forth to be flouted as mediocre by the comparative silence of the critics, and, perchance, passed by that portion of the reading public whose good opinion is worth something? Or do you merely want the book to sell? That it will do, I grant. If you will pardon me, these very weaknesses will recommend it to the rabble. And as for my seeking technicalities or being hypercritical, as I might in your case, of all others, Mr. Cowles and Mr. Henderson have both read the book without prejudice, and, although neither pose as critics, both find the same general flaws, but without going into specific details. You might take it to some one else. As for me, I can't—here, are you crazy?"

For Tassel had taken the manuscript from Marling's desk and was tearing it to pieces.

"Not I," he said, grimly, as he threw the last handful of type-written paper into Marling's waste basket. "If Mitford and Cowles—through you, of all people—don't want it, why, there's the best place for it."

"After all, I'm rather glad you did that," said Marling, who had, a moment before, half reached forward to prevent the destruction of the manuscript. "It shows the primary qualification of the sensible man—willingness to accept, even in important personal matters, the opinion of others. Now try again, old man. I know you can do better."

"Not I," repeated Tassel, shaking his head sadly. "Never again. I put the hope of years into that, and now——"

He made a gesture of resignation, and rose weakly from his chair. "I must be going," he said. "Good-bye!" And he left the room, staggering a little as he passed through the doorway.

"Poor fellow! Poor fellow!" thought the sympathetic Marling. "After all these years of success, to be thrown down in this way!" He changed his coat, put on his hat, and went home to tell Mrs. Marling about it.

Eric Tassel walked to his quarters stunned, crushed, hopeless. Like a man in a dream he passed through the crowded streets, mechanically running into people and dodging the traffic at street corners without giving any attention to it. Several persons bowed to him, and one or two stopped and spoke to him. He responded in kind, although but vaguely aware that he did so, and the others passed on, remarking indulgently to themselves that "Tassel was a dreamy chap."

His only defined sensation was one of dull, hopeless agony. Half relieved it was occasionally by the sudden feeling that, after all, it was a nightmare, and that he would awaken to find that all was well. Then the heavy pain would take hold of him again, and he would realise where he was and remember why he was hurrying so.

He reached his quarters and locked himself in. On the desk was a picture—the photograph of a young girl, with a smiling mouth and eyes that looked fearlessly into his. He sat down before it and gazed at it with burning, longing eyes.

"Would you care?" he muttered, and it seemed to him that some one was speaking. "Would you care, if you knew——? No, nobody cares, nobody knows, nobody understands—not even you."

He rose, took the photograph, and walked with it to the fireplace, where he stood for a moment, still looking fixedly at the face that smiled at him.

"Good-bye, dear!" he murmured, gently. "It was very sweet while it lasted—our dream. You are gone, and it, my other hope. Only the past is left. Good-bye!—good-bye!"

He lit one corner of the photo with a match, and set the thing [illegible] so the flames would consume it all. Then he went back to the desk and threw his tired, throbbing head upon his folded arms.

After a time there came a knock at the door, but Tassel did not respond. A louder rap followed, and then the rattling of the knob. Some one called impatiently:

"Eric!"

Then Tassel remembered that he had promised to go home with his brother Will for dinner. He half groaned. What! Go home with that jolly, chaffing stockbroker brother of his, and take his heartache into the presence of Will's cheery little wife and those frisking tots of children? A skeleton at the feast, indeed!

"Eric!"

Tassel raised his head, but did not move from his chair.

"Is that you, Will?" he said, dully.

"Yes, confound you! Open the door."

"No. Please go away, Will; I'm out of sorts. Make any sort of excuse, but please go without me."

"Oh, come now, don't be an old fogey. Come along, and we'll cheer you up."

"No; I'm not up to it, Will. I just want to be alone."

Will stood for a moment irresolute, then asked:

"Well, are you coming?"

"No, I'm not," replied his brother, crossly. "I wish you'd ——"

"Oh, go to the dickens!" interrupted Will, disgustedly, and he stamped away, to stop half way down the street and laugh softly to himself. "What a queer old chap Eric was to be sure!" was his thought.

In the occasional thoughts that flashed upon Tassel as he drooped there in his apathy came one finally that brought him to his feet.

Marling had robbed him! Marling had taken his work, the work of his life, the pet of his brain, to use for himself—to publish and get the credit for! It was all clear now that he came to reason it out.

Four hours later the dark form of a man crossed the lawn in front of Marling's little house, which was in a quiet quarter of the city, and approached the window of a room on the ground floor. It was partly open, and the intruder softly raised it still higher, presently entering through it. On a bed near the window lay two persons sleeping. Towards these the intruder crept softly, pausing for a moment at the bedside. Then he reached forth his right hand, which seemed to hold something that filled the room with a sickly chemical odour, and held it successively upon the faces of the sleepers. One stirred slightly, but neither awoke.

The intruder, who wore a long cloak, then drew the curtains and lighted the gas, looking sharply at the sleepers as he did so. Both slept heavily, however, and, apparently satisfied, the man again stepped to the side of the bed and seemed to busy himself for a few minutes with the face of the man who lay thereon. Presently, with a sigh of relief, he straightened up, turned out the gas, drew back the curtains, and opened another window, which he closed when the odour passed from the room. Then, climbing out of the window by which he had entered, he arranged it as he had found it, and hurried away.

"You don't look very well, Marling," said Tassel, when he met the editor-reader in the street next day. "Maybe some of your advice to me would apply as well in your case."

"Oh, I'm all right, but a little pulled down by the weather to-day. A cold, I think. Mrs. Marling and I both got up this morning feeling as though we had slept in a closed room, and my eyes are a bit off. They're not very strong, you know, and the least bit of a cold affects them."

They chatted a few moments without mentioning the subject of Tassel's book, then parted; and Tassel neither saw nor heard anything of the man until one evening a week later he saw the announcement in a late edition of an evening paper of Mr. Marling's death from apoplexy.

The Marlings had been a very devoted couple. Their friends had often remarked that they had never outlived their honeymoon. So, if she, the dead man's wife, felt strong enough to see him, Tassel decided that he was strong enough to undergo the ordeal; and he went.

Mrs. Marling was wonderfully self-controlled, although her drawn face showed the agony of grief through which she was passing. "I could not help sending for you," she said, quietly, after shaking hands with him. "I wanted you to know—I thought you might be glad—that almost his last thought was about you and—the book.

"I was there when—when he fell, you know," she went on steadily, "and went with him. Just before the last he looked at me with such a hurt, terrified look in his eyes, and his lips moved as though he wanted to speak. I leant over him, and heard him whisper, 'Tassel—book—crazy!' That was all. But, oh, there was such a terrified look in his face. I could not but feel that he—that he went away believing that he had innocently ruined your life—your mind, maybe."

Here the poor woman's wonderful self-control gave way at last, and for a few moments she sobbed wildly, unrestrainedly. Tassel sat quite still, his face very white, his eyes staring fixedly at the wall opposite him, his nails digging convulsively into the palms of his hands.

"Dear—old—chap," he was saying, haltingly. "Dear—old—chap." Then he arose suddenly, came over to Mrs. Marling, took her hand for a moment, and, with a look whose wild intensity almost frightened her, he turned and rushed out of the house.

That night the police reporters got a "big story." But it came so late that it had to be "boiled down" to very short space. The story was to the effect that Eric Tassel, the brilliant writer, whose productions have made him a national reputation among magazines and newspaper readers, was found wandering about the streets half naked and in a demented condition, insisting that he murdered the editor of the Sunday Graphic, and begging piteously to be hanged at once.

We have been deluged with letters from enthusiastic admirers of PEARSON'S LIBRARY in its new form. Just buy the first number, and see what you think of it. Price Sixpence, entitled "In the Springtime of Love."

A NEW USE FOR MARINES.

MISS INLAND (to old salt, who is showing the party over the flagship): "And what are all those soldiers on board ship for?"

Bo'sun's Mate: "Thim? Oh, thim's the marines, mum."

Miss Inland: "Marines? And what are they for?"

Papa Inland: "Don't ask so many foolish questions, Mary Ellen. Everybody knows those gentlemen are employed by the Government for the sailors to tell stories to."

ARTIFICIAL MUD.

WE have heard of false teeth, false hair, counterfeit jewellery, and imitation diamonds, but artificial mud is a decided novelty.

And what is it used for? The large Paris drapery houses have long used the mud of the Paris streets for testing the wearing qualities of new colours and shades. Any new tint that could not stand the influence of Paris mud was thrown out.

But to experiment with mud was unpleasant, unclean, unhealthy! So an imitation of the genuine article was ordered of a chemist, who furnished a solution of carbonate of ammonia, carbonate of potassium, sulphate of soda, and sea salt in water, which naturally takes the place of mud in the colour tests of new dress goods.

AN OLD MASTER FOR SIXPENCE.

A RAPHAEL for sixpence is one of those strokes of luck that transcends the wildest dreams of modern picture collectors. According to a story current just now on the Boulevards, an amateur picked up the other day, for the modest price of sixpence, a study in red chalk which his instinct told him was a really good thing.

On examining his bargain more carefully, he found that he had actually become the possessor of the great master's original design for his famous picture "La Disputa del Sacramento," now in the Vatican.

Certain marks on the picture indicated that it had been sold at a famous disposal of works of art in the last century, and a reference to the catalogue verified the fact.

The drawing is valued at about £400.

PREPARED TO DIE TOGETHER.

THE earthquake a few years years ago in Charleston, South Carolina, destroyed much property and some lives. But amid the wild dismay, horror, and confusion, there were many humourous incidents, of which the following is a fair specimen:

One evening, when one of the first severe shocks took place, an engaged couple were sitting in the parlour of one of the houses on the Battery. The young gentleman, who was of a scientific turn of mind, at once thought of the possibility of a tidal wave. He stepped to the window, opened it, thrust out his hand, and instantly knew that his worst fears were realised, for his hand went into water just outside the window.

He closed the window, returned to his sweetheart, and told her the dreadful truth. As by one impulse, they clasped their arms round each other, and stood in the middle of the room, calmly awaiting their doom.

They stood long, expecting the rush of the engulfing water, but it did not come. The delay was disappointing, for they had made up their minds to a little drama.

At last the delay and suspense became intolerable; the young man again went to the window. A little less hurried examination of the condition of things showed him that he had put his hand into a tub of water which stood just outside.

"MAMMA sent me to get a hair brush."

"What sort of a hair brush do you want?"

"I want one with a soft back."

DOOLEY: "They may talk about business being bad, but I know a man whose trade is looking up."

Dunn: "Indeed! What is he?"

Dooley: "An astronomer."

"YOU want me to go on the roof of that tower?" said the workman.

"Yes."

"Do you notice there's a clock in the tower?"

"I know it. What difference does that make?"

"I'll have to charge you extra for working overtime."

LINDA: "Bella, I'm greatly puzzled over a matter."

Bella: "So am I. Tell me your trouble and I'll tell you mine."

Linda: "Well, Dick Hardaway told me last night he loved me, but did not ask me to marry him."

Bella: "And he asked me to marry him, but didn't say a word about love."

"RI-THLEN."

A SUPERSTITION AMONG THE KHASIS.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from the north-east frontier of India, sends the following extraordinary account of a supernatural belief which exists among the natives of the Khasis and Jaintia Hills.

Among the cases tried in the year 1882, he says, were three murders of singular atrocity, two of them committed on inoffensive old women, and one on a boy; in none of them was any adequate cause alleged, and at least two of them are believed to have been connected with the very remarkable superstition of the *Thlen*.

The tradition is that there was once in a cave near Cherra Poonjee a gigantic snake, or *Thlen*, who committed great havoc among men and animals. At last, one man, bolder than his fellows, took with him a herd of goats, and set himself down by the cave and offered them one by one to the *Thlen*. By degrees the monster became friendly, and learnt to open his mouth at a word from the man, to receive the lump of flesh, which was then thrown in. When confidence was thoroughly established, the man heated a lump of iron red-hot in a furnace, induced the snake, at the usual signal, to open his mouth, and then threw in the red-hot lump and so killed him.

He then cut up the body and sent pieces in every direction, with orders that the people were to eat them. Wherever the order was obeyed the country became free of the *Thlen*: but one small piece remained which no one would eat, and from this sprang a multitude of *Thlens*, which infest the residents of Cherra Poonjee and its neighbourhood (including Shillong). When a *Thlen* takes up its abode in a family there is no means of getting rid of it, though it occasionally leaves of its own accord, and often follows property of the family when given away or sold.

The *Thlen* attaches itself to wealth, and brings prosperity and wealth to the family, but on the condition that it is supplied with blood. Its craving comes on at uncertain intervals, and manifests itself by sickness among the family, by misadventure or increasing poverty. It can only be appeased by the murder of a human being. The murderer takes the hair, the tips of the fingers, and a little blood from the nostrils, caught in a bamboo tube, and offers these to the *Thlen*.

The belief is that the demon then appears in the form of a snake and devours the body of the murdered person, which is materialised from the portions thus offered. After this, its craving is satisfied for a time, and the affairs of that house prosper. Many families in these hills are known or suspected to be *Ri-thlen*, or keepers of a *Thlen*, and are dreaded and avoided in consequence.

More recently, five cases of murder have been ascribed to this bloodthirsty superstition. The last case deserves special notice, as the murder was committed within a few hundred yards of the Goverment high road between Cherra Poonjee and Shillong, and about ten miles from the latter place, the headquarters of the Goverment of the province of Assam.

The murderers could not be traced, as the villagers close by dared not venture to give evidence against them, from superstitious fear of incurring the displeasure of the *Thlen*. The authorities had therefore no other alternative but to locate a body of punitive police on the suspected village for a whole year, for whose maintenance and housing the villagers were taxed heavily, as a warning.

There is one feature in connection with this superstition, and its attendant murderous practices, worthy of mention: its votaries believe that the blood of a "*dy khar*," ("foreigner," *i.e.*, other than a Khasi) is not acceptable to the *Thlen*, a circumstance foreigners may congratulate themselves upon.

A LADY who objects to profanity because it is both wicked and vulgar writes to ask us what she ought to say when a clothes-line breaks and lets a week's washing fall in the mud.

APPLICANT: "Please, ma'am, can you help a poor man who is out of work?"

Woman: "I think I can find something for you to do."

Applicant (gratefully): "Thanks. If you could give me some washing to do I'll take it home to my wife."

MR. GRIFFITH'S LAST NEW NOVEL,

— THE —

OUTLAWS OF THE AIR.

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In one handsome volume, 8vo, 375 pages, uniform with **THE ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION** and **OLGA ROMANOFF; or, THE SYREN OF THE SKIES.**

THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR is considered by all who have read it to be one of the best of Mr. GRIFFITH'S works. It is profusely illustrated by EDWIN S. HOPE, with a frontispiece by RAYMOND POTTER.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

A YOUNG and well-dressed woman entered Charing Cross telegraph office the other day, and wrote out a dispatch to be sent to Manchester. She read it over, reflected for a moment, and then dropped it on the floor and wrote a second. This she also threw away, but was satisfied with the third, and sent it off. The three telegrams read:

1. "Never let me hear from you again!"
2. "No one expects you to return!"
3. "Come home, dearest—all is forgiven!"

GRASSHOPPER STEW.

IN New Zealand, where grasshoppers are more than abundant, they are used for food by Europeans. They are pronounced a great delicacy when prepared according to the following formula:

One bushel of the insects is immersed for two hours in half a gallon of pork brine. The insects are then boiled in the liquid for twenty minutes, then thoroughly rinsed in warm water, and placed in an oven to become crisp.

When cold the heads are removed, and they are ready to be eaten. The flavour is said to resemble that of shrimps.

SHAVING SET TO MUSIC.

THE latest thing in a barber's shop is a musical-box which the proprietor regulates to suit the times. On Monday, for instance, he winds the machine up to light opera airs just fast enough to keep his assistants shaving customers at a nice, steady pace.

Tuesday being a quiet day in the barber business, "Home, Sweet Home," and "You'll Remember Me," are good enough.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday the barber confines the musical-box to popular selections of a rather lively nature. On Saturday, he puts the reels and jigs on top, and every barber in the house feels his spirits rise, and gets through his work at a rare speed.

ANIMAL HUMBUGS.

IN military stables horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid going to a military exercise.

A chimpanzee had been fed on cake when sick; after his recovery he often feigned coughing in order to procure dainties.

The cuckoo, as is well known, lays its eggs in another bird's nest, and to make the deception surer, it takes away one of the other bird's eggs.

Animals are conscious of their deceit, as shown by the fact that they try to act secretly and noiselessly; they show a sense of guilt if detected; they take precautions in advance to avoid discovery; in some cases they manifest regret and repentance. Thus, bees which steal hesitate often before and after their exploits, as if they feared punishment.

A naturalist describes how his monkey committed theft; while he pretended to sleep the animal regarded him with hesitation, and stopped every time his master moved or seemed on the point of awakening.

Such, and many more well-known facts, may be due to fear of punishment, which naturally follows a misdeed, just as is the case with habitual thieves.

CUSTOMER: "Why do you call this electric cake?"

Baker's Boy: "I 'spose becuz it has currants in it."

SUPERSTITIOUS people claim that a death is sure to follow the howling of a dog. It depends a good deal we should say, upon the kind of a whack one gets at the dog.

MR. ASKER: "They tell me that the bookkeeper of your firm is behind in his accounts; is that so?"

Mr. Tasker: "Far from it; he came out ahead. It's the company that's behind."

MR. SPRIGGINS (gently): "My dear, a Kensington man was shot at by a burglar, and his life was saved by a button which the bullet struck."

Mrs. Spriggins: "Well, what of it?"

Mr. Spriggins (meekly): "Nothing, only the button must have been on."

LANDLORD HOOKS: "Can you refer me to a work where I can learn how the ancients constructed those catapults that would throw stones half a mile?"

Friend: "Don't believe I can. Why do you want such information?"

Hooks: "Well, you see, I've advertised that this house is within a stone's throw of the railway station, and now I have got to rig up some plan for throwing that stone."

Have you ever seen your name in print? No! Well, we have opened a department (F.A.F.) for this purpose. One shilling per insertion. Send early and avoid the crush.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

2488. What would have been the Probable Result to Mankind had Women been Physically Stronger than Men?

Assuming that woman still retained her other characteristic qualities unaltered, the human race would have developed on entirely different lines, for force and war would never have been adopted as the usual method of founding states, and fixing laws and rights. A fair sample of woman's government may be obtained by observing the way a mother rules a large family. All fighting and the abuse of physical force is interdicted; good behaviour is encouraged by pensions and rewards, and wrong is checked by love. Personal comeliness would, perhaps, have had undue respect, but intellectual and artistic qualities would have received earlier and more continuous support, and mankind would now be reaping the fruits in a higher intellectual and artistic standard. On the other hand, woman is very conservative, and this, with the absence of the civilising effects of war, would probably have delayed civilisation more than peace and the earlier recognition of mental qualities could have advanced it, and mankind, while living a simpler and less highly differentiated life, would be more intellectual, gentler, and happier far.

2489. Which Civil War has most Profoundly Affected the Course of the Outside World?

The war between the two Roman Triumvirs, Octavian and Marc Antony. The effect it exercised upon the world's history is unparalleled by that of any other war, whether civil or external. It formulated the struggle between the civilisations of the East and the West, and, often as that struggle has been revived, it has never been so critical. Therefore this war may be said to have handed the torch of Progress to the Western world. An eminent Scotch professor delights to trace the Eastern Question of our own time to the battle of Actium. Antony, by his appropriation of Armenia and Egypt, and by his complete surrender to the blandishments of Cleopatra, had virtually become the leader of the East. Had he been victorious at Actium, the dread of the Roman populace had been realised, the throne of Cleopatra would have been planted on the Capitol, and Western nations doomed to occupy a position towards the East similar to that in which India stands towards Britain. The Parthian war of the same time was only another aspect of the struggle, and since then the East has made spasmodic efforts in the movements by the Moors, the Arabians, and the Turks. But Actium was the crisis. Before its issue was known, no man might have written the aphorism: "Man journeys with the sun, the East is his cradle, the West his goal."

2490. Which Historic Career has best Illustrated the Saying, "Where there's a Will there's a Way?"

There are many famous lives which afford conspicuous illustrations of this proverb; but, considering the condition of Russia and the character of its people at the time in which he lived, there is probably no man in whose career the exercise of individual will is so pre-eminently the determining factor as Peter the Great. At the commencement of his reign Russia was barbarous and chaotic, without arts, manufactures, navy, or disciplined army. Before his death he had, humanly speaking, created the Russia of to-day. Obstacles and difficulties in the way of progress and reform only served to reveal his indomitable will. His determination to establish a navy carried him over Europe to learn personally the art of shipbuilding—he himself superintended the erection of the town which bears his name on what was practically a swampy island. The ignorance and savagery of his countrymen he met with a vigour that bore down all opposition. The head of an empire ignorant of the art of war, he gradually organised an army that shattered the power of the hitherto invincible Swede, Charles X., and placed Russia in the first rank among European powers. Successful in war, he was equally active in the promotion of social reforms. He changed the manners, customs, and laws of his country, gave a polish to his people, introduced manufactures, established the printing press, built colleges, hospitals, and fortifications, and left the impress of his will on every national and social institution in Russia.

2491. When was the Bow and Arrow Last Used in European Warfare?

As late as 1813 and 1814, irregular troops, belonging to the Russian army, appeared in Paris, armed with bows and arrows. They were the Bashkirs, or Bashkeers, a tribe of people subject to Russia, and inhabiting the banks of the Ural and Volga. In the Crimean War—1854 to 1856—some of the Turkish forces were equipped in the same manner. These were the dreaded Bashi-Bazouks, irregular troops in the pay of the Sultan. On the formation of the army for opposing Russia during the last war, the Turkish army included many of them, and it was these who, in the spring of 1876, were guilty of great atrocities in checking a threatened insurrection in the district round Philipopolis in Eastern Roumelia.

2493. Which is the most Practical Benefit that the World has Derived from Modern Archæological Research?

The investigations and discoveries of the archæologist, although of the greatest interest and the utmost importance, can hardly be said to have improved the conditions of life or to have conferred any direct boon upon mankind. It would almost seem that the story of the culture and civilisation of bygone ages is not capable of disclosing knowledge to the world from which any lesson of great practical value is to be drawn. The relics of former times have afforded material to the scientist, the historian, the artist, and perhaps the architect, but it cannot be affirmed that the world at large is indebted for any important assistance, or received instruction from the secrets of the past which have stimulated the progress of society. It is even difficult to trace any practical benefit derived from an insight into the industries and methods of antiquity which the studies of the archæologist have gained for us.

2495. Which Well-known Quotation is the most Generally Attributed to the Wrong Source?

The familiar saying, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," which has a sufficiently biblical ring about it to account for the general impression that it appears in a passage of the Hebrew Scriptures. The original source is not known. It occurs in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey to Italy." But it is much older than that, for in a collection of proverbs published so far back as 1594 we find "*Dieu mesure le vent à la brebis tendue.*" "In the midst of life we are in death" is also wrongly attributed to the Bible. It was transferred to the Book of Common Prayer from an old German hymn. Nor is the well-known line, "The merciful man is merciful unto his beast," to be found in the writings of the Scriptures. On the other hand, comparatively few people are aware that the expression, "The skin of the teeth," appears in Job xix. 20.

2498. Which of our Monarchs could have most Truly Said, "Uneasy lies the Head that Wears a Crown"?

The history of Henry VI. affords the most striking illustration of the misery of monarchy. We might look in vain for another sovereign whose life was brightened with so little happiness. Physically and mentally weak, he was utterly without those qualities which were essential to a mediæval king, and paid the penalty for his incapacity by his untimely death and the destruction of his house. "He can hardly be said to have reigned," says one authority, "for his long minority passed into another kind of tutelage, during which the influence of his wife and favourites prepared the way for civil war. Ten years of anarchy culminated in his dethronement, and ten years more of wandering and imprisonment fill the interval between that event and death." The weakness of his character ever made him the puppet of contending factions. Peace was a word unknown to him, and his reign a reign of terror.

2493. Why is the Western Side of Southern Continents Colder than the Eastern?

The eastern side of the three Southern continents—South America, Africa, and Australia—is washed by currents of warm water. These originate in the three great oceans, and sweep across them from east to west in a broad band, which, travelling for thousands of miles under a tropical sun, becomes strongly heated. These masses of hot water, arrested by the continents, divide into smaller streams, which bathe the eastern shores and raise their temperature. On the other hand, the western sides of these continents are washed by currents of cold water from the Antarctic Ocean, or by drifts of cool water which form the return-streams of the great warm currents. These effects are most marked in the Pacific Ocean, the western coasts of Chili and Patagonia being chilled by a cold drift from the Antarctic Ocean, and by a second current from the Southern Pacific, called Mentor's Drift. The western side of Australia is bathed by a branch of the Antarctic Drift, and by the cool counter-current of the South-East Trade Drift. The Southern Atlantic being comparatively narrow, some of the hot water of tropical seas is driven back into it, and the effect of cold currents upon Western Africa is not so great as it would otherwise be.

2496. Why do High Mountains Decrease in Height much more Rapidly than Low Ones?

Because they are exposed to greater extremes of temperature, and are afforded less protection by clouds and soil. The bare rock surfaces at great elevations absorb the solar heat very rapidly, and quickly part with it when the sun sets. Expansion and contraction thus follow each other in rapid succession, and the rock cracks up into fragments, many of which become detached and fall down to lower levels. This process of degradation is assisted by water, which soaks into cracks, and, when night comes, freezes, and thus, by its expansive force, breaks up the outer layers of the mountain. The avalanches of stones which result from these causes are well known to Alpine climbers. Most of the fragments accumulate on the glaciers or moraines, and are carried down into the valleys. Thus the higher portions of mountains are being rapidly reduced in size. At lower levels, the moisture in the atmosphere, whether invisible or in the form of clouds, arrests in some degree the loss of the solar heat at night, and preserves a more equable temperature, the clouds also acting as a partial shield against the sun's rays in the day time. The soil which clothes the lower slopes of mountains protects the underlying rock from the sun and frost, and in a less degree from the chemical action of the substances contained in rain-water. The bare rock surfaces at the higher levels, being exposed to the operation of these substances, are more or less dissolved or decomposed.

2497. Have any of our Popular Pastimes ever been Prohibited by Law?

Yes. Football, tennis, golf, quoits, bowls, horse racing, and, in fact, nearly every pastime with any claim of antiquity at all. It is rather a curious fact that the neglect of archery practice was, in nearly every case, the cause of these unhealthy legal enactments, and now archery has been degraded from a military accomplishment to nothing more than a somewhat unpopular amusement. Edward III. in 1363 issued a general prohibition which forbad the ordinary rural pastimes on Sundays and holidays on pain of imprisonment. Similar Acts were passed in the reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., and Edward IV. In Scotland both James I. and James II. ordained, "That the football and golfe be utterly cryed down and not to be used." James I. of England condemned football as "meeter for lameing than making able the users thereof," and during Elizabeth's reign sixteen persons were arrested for taking part in a match. Tennis was proclaimed illegal by Henry VII., who, however, indulged in the game himself, following the example of Charles V. of France, who, while forbidding all sports, exempted such in which, for the time being, he might be participating. Cromwell, in 1658, prohibited horse racing in England and Wales for eight months, during which time he maintained a stud of his own.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

2521. What individual has contributed most largely to the happiness of the civilised world?

2522. Which period of history has been the favourite of great writers of romance?

2523. Why does an uninjured dog sometimes run on three legs?

2524. Has the sagacity of the lower animals ever materially altered the course of history?

2525. Would compulsory military service be beneficial to this country?

2526. Is it true that if a forest of one kind is burned down, another forest will spring up, but of a different kind of trees?

2527. What is the humblest position from which a great statesman has arisen?

2528. What great emperor experienced the most extreme vicissitudes of fortune?

2529. Which trade or profession requires the greatest knowledge for the least average remuneration?

2530. Is the proverbial cunning of the serpent born out by actual facts?

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The May number of DRESSMAKING AT HOME, crammed full of charming designs and all the latest fashions, is still on sale. A paper pattern is given away with each number.

ADVICE TO NED.

"WELL, it's very delightful to love, I am told;
But what can I do," said he,
"If the maiden I happen to love be cold,
And her people don't care for me?"

Well, among the first things I would recommend,
That bear on the subject at all,
Is to make her small brother your cupboard-love friend,
So he'll take himself off when you call.

And agree with her father's political views,
With her mother's religious belief;
And you'll find their consent they will hardly refuse—
If your worldly goods be not too brief.

Then if while the sun shines you wish to make hay,
Let your visits be short, for you know
'Tis far wiser to go while she wants you to stay
Than to stay till she wants you to go.

And if she is pretty, admire her great *mind*,
In pref'rence to praising her features,
If her common-place sayings quite witty you find,
You'll be held most far-seeing of creatures.

Other fellows have said she was lovely before,
But if you can persuade her she's *clever*,
You may show to your most hated rival the door,
And make her adore you for ever.

But if she is plain, though possessed of some wit,
Let her know *you* consider her pretty;
To say softly, "Your smile, dear, with beauty is lit,"
Will go farther than crying, "How witty!"

If you'd make a most lasting impression, Ned,
Dilate on her beauty and grace;
For she'd probably give all the sense in her head,
For the charm of a pretty girl's face.

NICE FOR THE CRIMINAL.

WHEN Marshall MacMahon was President of the French Republic, an incident occurred which illustrates the Frenchman's love of what is dramatic.

A French soldier sat on the summit of a hill overlooking a garrison town; his horse was picketed close by; the man was smoking leisurely, and from time to time he glanced from the esplanade to an official envelope he held in his hand.

A comrade passed by and asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"I am bearing the President's pardon for our friend Flichmann, who is to be shot this morning," replied the smoker, calmly, without changing his comfortable attitude.

"Well, then, you should hurry along with your pardon," admonished his comrade.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the other in some indignation; "see, there is hardly a soul yet on the esplanade, and the firing-platoon has not even been formed. You surely would not have me rob my appearance of all dramatic effect, my friend!"

A CAT WITH FALSE TEETH.

THE cat that owned the false teeth had lost his own, and had his jaw broken besides by a drunken wretch who beat him with a cobble stone. With great care the poor animal finally recovered, but he had to be fed with a little milk in a spoon for a long time. When able to pursue his ordinary business of catching rats and mice, he could not eat them, because he had no teeth to chew with.

Something must be done for him, for life supported on "spoon victuals" was a burden, and a young dentist in the neighbourhood, who had become greatly interested in the unfortunate cat, resolved to try the experiment of making him a set of false teeth. Taking the cast of the plate was a terrible piece of work, as puss objected to it with all his might, but it was nothing to what followed, when the teeth were fairly in.

If the animal had plunged and scratched when the plate was being fitted, he acted like a mad thing when it was actually attached to his jaw—although it was well made, and fitted perfectly.

He could not understand that it would enable him to continue the luxurious feasts to which he had been accustomed, and for several days he was furious over it. Every possible and impossible scheme was tried to get the uncomfortable thing out of his mouth; he tore at it with his claws, he shook his head violently to make it drop out, he butted against heavy pieces of furniture, and, if any one came near him, he growled and scratched at them.

There seemed to be danger of his going mad, and his friends were sorely puzzled to know what to do with him, when greatly to their relief he calmed down, and appeared to have come to the conclusion that his new possession was, after all, a blessing in disguise. He was once more gentle and affectionate, as he had been previous to his misfortune; and the plate was now often taken out between meals and put back again.

In this way it was worn comfortably for many years.

THE USUAL THING.

THE other day Lionel was at a matinée with his father, and, when a trapeze acrobat failed to catch the object at which he flew through the air, and fell sprawling into the net, the little boy was greatly excited.

"They are never hurt," explained his father; "it is a regular trick to make such a miss once or twice to give the audience an idea of the difficulty of the feat, and thereby to intensify the applause when it has been successfully performed."

Lionel thought a moment, and, with a bright smile, said:

"Do you think I could please my teacher by coming to the circus and missing my lessons now and then?"

LUNATICS WHO SHAM INSANITY.

ONE would think that the last thing a really insane person would need or wish to do would be to pretend to be crazy. Insane people, however, all have one peculiarity in common, no matter how diverse their symptoms are—not one of them knows that he is crazy. Hence, when a lunatic desires to protect himself, as after committing some crime, one of the first things he often does is to feign insanity.

It is only lately that this fact has been realised, and this has cost many lunatics their lives.

For instance, a madman commits a murder. On arrest he begins to act in a way that seems to indicate insanity, but close watching betrays the fact that his symptoms are feigned—he is shamming. This has usually been regarded as conclusive evidence of his sanity. It is really nothing of the kind. The doctors know now that a lunatic will sham as quickly as a sane man, and his shamming, often being clumsily done, is much more apt to be found out.

Crazy people when feigning generally sham a different kind of insanity from that which they really possess. For instance, in a recently reported case a demented pauper was accustomed to proclaim loudly that he was insane, having been made so by an accumulation of tar and grease in his head.

This was entirely sham, but the man had found that it drew attention to him and gained him presents of tobacco. His real hallucinations he kept carefully in the background.

The desire to attract attention is very strong on the part of some lunatics, and it is possible that in many of the cases that interest visitors at asylums where the patient asserts that he is Queen Victoria or Julius Cæsar the whole thing is a sham.

In one recorded case an asylum patient was much put out by finding that a companion, who claimed to have written some of Shakespeare's plays, attracted the attention of visitors.

He accordingly went the man one better by claiming to have written all the works of Byron, Shelley, and Milton. This claim, he admitted to the physicians, was fraudulent, and he made it to visitors only.

This peculiarity of lunatics makes the task of a modern expert on insanity doubly hard. He has to deal not only with sane persons pretending to be insane and with insane persons pretending to be sane, but with lunatics who feign insanity.

MAUD: "How could you be so free with Mr. Gable, an entire stranger?"

Kate: "He is not an entire stranger. He lost an arm several years ago."

A VERY thin man was once saying nasty things to a very fat one. "If I were as fat as you," said he, "I'd go and hang myself."

"In the event of my taking your advice," retorted the fat man, "I'd use you for a rope."

HELD BY THE ENEMY.—"I always keep my watch about five minutes fast," observed the suburbanite, "for train-catching purposes."

"So do I," replied the other suburbanite, "but it doesn't do much good. Bridget always keeps the kitchen clock fifteen minutes slow for breakfast-getting purposes."

BROWN: "Why don't you marry and settle down?"

Jones: "Well, I've got my reasons for it. The woman I want to marry must have lots of money and be smart, but when I find a woman who has money, and who is willing to marry me, her willingness to marry me is positive proof to my mind that she is stupid, and then, of course, she doesn't suit me. I want a smart woman for a wife."

WHERE TERROR MAY BE SEEN.—"I've passed through frightful experiences," said Jagger, proudly, "and seen the most thrilling exhibitions of human terror. Once in Africa I saw a couple of tourists overtaken by two enormous and ferocious lions, and once——"

"That's nothing," interrupted Staggers. "Were you ever in a lift with a couple of fat and elderly women when it stopped between floors?"

THE PERSIAN DERBY.

IT is rather poetical to have a circular race-course, the centre of which shall be occupied by a garden—a garden from which a shouting, howling public shall be rightly excluded—a garden to which one can flee from the heat, noise, and dust of the race-course to leafy shades and the splash of falling waters. This idea Nussir-u Deen, Asylum of the Universe, and King of Kings, has carried out at Teheran.

The Teheran Races are a public holiday, and well worth seeing. The whole capital turns out, the men around the course itself, while the ramparts of the town, which command a good view of the course, are thronged by thousands of veiled women looking down upon the scene. There are no gambling or drinking booths, the three-card man is absent, knock-'em-downs are unknown. There are no list men, not even a welcher; and of betting there is none at all.

But the Teheran public is going to enjoy itself nevertheless. Fruit and sweetmeat sellers there are in abundance; vendors of iced sherbet, who in high-flown language vaunt the excellence of the beverage they purvey; peripatetic tea-sellers, with their bright urns fizzing like miniature steam-engines, and their rows of gay porcelain cups; itinerant tobacconists, each of whom has perhaps a couple of score of hubble-bubbles, or Oriental water pipes, and is surrounded by a large circle of customers, all squatting on the ground and all smoking away for dear life. The water-melon sellers, too, do a roaring trade; while lettuces and cucumbers are being devoured on every side.

On the course itself may be seen most of the competitors. They are all Turkoman horses, animals which combine a very long stride with a fair turn of speed and extraordinary powers of endurance; they resemble rather leggy English hunters, and stand from fifteen to seventeen hands and a half. What little mane they ever had has been carefully removed, and they have long, slender, rat-like tails.

Though the weather is hot, they are mostly clothed with with embroidered cloth. There is not an ounce of fat on them, for they have all undergone a severe and very peculiar training. None of these animals have been allowed to lie down for the period of two months; their grain has been cut down to a very low limit, and, at the last, water has been almost entirely denied them, but they are allowed to eat water-melons; they have been kept at a rapid walk for from ten to fifteen hours every day, and even their allowance of sleep has been rigorously curtailed.

The horses are generally the property of the King, his son, or some of the great personages of the kingdom. In the olden times the royal horses always won; for, should another animal dare to head them, he was always driven back by the King's servants or the soldiers. But since the Shah's visit to Europe he has learned to appreciate the benefits of a fair field and no favour, and the Teheran race-course is nowadays the scene of many a game and determined struggle.

A couple of years ago a rather romantic incident occurred. The horses were about to start for the eight-mile race, when a ragged Turkoman begged the King's permission that he, too, might compete. The Shah acceded to his petition with a smile of amusement. The Turkoman took his place with the rest, raced away from them from the first, and reached the winning-post at the fourth round in sixteen minutes, beating the pick of the racing-stables of Persia by two miles. He then made a present of the horse to the King, who immediately rewarded him with a donation of thrice its value.

After the fifth race the King reviews his troops. The commander-in-chief takes his place at the saluting-point, and a march-past of the 10,000 men on the ground, their bands at their head playing vigorously, takes place. Then the sovereign, his wives, and the populace of Teheran return quietly to their homes. There has been no row, no drunkenness, no disorder, and the police go back empty-handed. The stakes competed for are usually a sum of £40 for each race, which is given by the King.

TWO MORE INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID.

The claims sent in by Mr. A. Giles, 98, Avondale Square, Old Kent Road, S.E., and by Mr. M. A. Clark, 203, Bedford Road, Bootle, have been satisfactorily settled by the OCEAN COMPANY.

Owing to the Whitsuntide Holiday, the Next Number of "P.W." will be on Sale on FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 31st.

HOME *NOTES*, our charming ladies' paper (take the last three words in whatever sense you will) now appears in a beautiful new dress every week.

NEW AND STRANGE.

In some of the Western cities of the United States, where wood is cheap and iron dear, the old wooden water-mains have been revived without any unsatisfactory results.

A new invention has been designed to prevent collisions at sea. At a recent test the force from electro-magnetic coils stationed on board a vessel successfully influenced a chemically-prepared compass stationed some six miles away, causing it to set up an instantaneous peal of bells.

At the Bordeaux Exhibition the special feature will be the largest bottle ever made. It will be 115 feet high, and divided into storeys, in the lowest of which there will be a restaurant. A winding staircase will lead up the neck to a kiosque, taking the place of the cork, where there will be room for thirty-five persons at a time to sit and look over the Exhibition grounds and the city.

An American genius has devised for sleeping carriages a system of beds made of rubber bags, which are to be stretched over steel frames and inflated with hot air from the locomotive. In fifteen minutes an entire carriage can be made ready for the night. In the morning, when the hot air is turned off, the mattresses and pillows will immediately collapse. Such beds, it is claimed, would be cheaper, lighter, and more comfortable than those made now, and could be tucked away in far less space when not in use.

A French doctor wants to introduce his patent process for preserving the remains of the dead. It is neither embalming them, nor yet mummifying them, though the bodies must be embalmed before the doctor's new process can be applied. His novel idea is to electroplate the whole body, and thus preserve to posterity the noble lineaments of those whose estates cut up sufficiently well to allow the expense. First the body is embalmed, after which it is dipped into a bath of nitrate of silver. It comes from this bath the colour of polished silver. After that the face is subjected to a regular electroplating dip and reappears burnished copper, ready to be preserved to the latest generations. In order to insure perfect success, the face is varnished, and this is the last operation. The burnished copper face is then warranted to remain the same for centuries, if treated with reasonably fair care.

A most remarkable instrument of torture has been recently constructed to facilitate the development of muscular strength in the fingers. It is extremely simple, and, I should imagine, extremely uncomfortable. There is a tube, or, technically speaking, a sleeve with longitudinal side slits at one end to permit the convenient insertion of the finger, while from the other end extends a rod on which a weight is adjustably held at the desired distance by means of a set screw. The exercise is made more or less severe, not only by moving the weight to different parts of the rod, but by the employment of weights of different sizes. It is designed to be of special benefit to violin and piano players, telegraph operators, typewriters, and others who require special dexterity. It is said to be more efficacious than shutting the fingers in the window sash and then attempting to raise it again without assistance, and it is certainly not much less painful.

A house indifferent to thermal variations has long been the dream of hygienists. Such a building has now been erected at the foot of the great snow mountains of Chamounix. The idea has the double advantage of being original and practical. This remarkable dwelling-place is built on a tubular framework, with a circulation of water, and forming a heat radiator of wide surface in winter, a radiator of cold in summer, and, at the same time, a water conduit. All the floors, ceilings, and walls communicate with each other. The walls are of wood, and formed of boards nailed to joists that are connected with the pipes by iron collars. In summer the water that circulates under pressure is cold; in the winter it is first artificially heated. A deluge is more to be dreaded than a fire in this strange house, which, by the way, was habitable two months after the first pipe was laid. This tubular principle is specially recommended to householders in those countries subject to great storms of wind or earthquakes.

The sensitiveness of selenium to light has been taken advantage of by Professor Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, California, who has employed it in making a device for automatically detecting comets. A prism is placed in front of the object-glass of the telescope, and, as is well known, a prism will divide a ray of light into its primary colours—red, orange, yellow, etc. The light on passing through the prism is decomposed, and, if the light is that from a comet, certain rays will pass through a metal diaphragm with slits corresponding to the position of the three hydro-carbon bands which characterise the spectrum of comets only. The rays fall upon a selenium cell which connects with a battery and an alarm. The light of the ordinary stars does not affect the apparatus. The telescope is made to sweep the heavens by automatic machinery, and as the alarm will ring if a comet crosses the face of the prism, astronomers will no longer be compelled to sit up all night to watch for their appearance. This invention is one of extreme importance.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of Pearson's Weekly *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope* Patent. *The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with the sender.*

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

Lord Wolseley speaks with a marked Dublin brogue.

Almost every day the Queen of Italy has a spin on her bicycle.

The German Emperor has again taken to riding before breakfast.

The King of the Belgiums never wears gloves when he rides or drives abroad.

King Humbert of Italy spends more in charity than any other European monarch.

Mr. Gladstone, when staying in a country house, takes a keen enjoyment in after-dinner games.

Mr. Lionel Brough, the popular comedian, was the first publisher of the Daily Telegraph.

The Duke of Edinburgh, when a midshipman, used to cut the Queen's signature out of his letters and put it up to auction.

Edison's great grandfather lived to the age of 102. His grandfather died at 103 and one of his aunts at 108, while his own father is still alive at 90.

The Duke of Fife, it may interest the inquisitive to know, keeps twelve suits going at the same time, and never wears the same clothes twice in the same week.

Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, the popular story writer for boys, completes two novels every year, and considers that quite enough work for a respectable author to undertake. He argues that the man who produces two books a year sells quite as many copies as the man who publishes six.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone does not dress well. His clothes usually have the appearance of having been made for someone else, and he affects the smallest and most unbecoming of black ties. He is rather below the medium height, with thin hair, a dome-like forehead, and an air of gentle melancholy.

In spite of the fame of "Lorna Doone," very few people in the world of letters or any other sphere know much about Mr. R. D. Blackmore. He is extremely shy and retiring, and although he may be called one of the greatest of living novelists, he always insists that he is by profession a market gardener, and an author only, as it were, by accident.

"Luke Sharp," the editor of the Detroit Free Press, is a journalist of the most enterprising character. He was born in Scotland, but became an American citizen when quite a child. To use his own words, "At the mature age of four years I concluded that this country was not a place for a young man, so I emigrated to Canada, taking my parents with me."

Lord Dufferin is one of the most accomplished linguists of the day. When his Excellency was Governor-General of Canada he went one day to visit Montreal College. A deputation of students welcomed him and fired off four speeches, one in English, one in French, one in Latin, and one in Greek. Without any previous preparation Lord Dufferin unhesitatingly answered each in its own language.

A good story is told of a well-known Scotch minister, who shall be nameless: "You must endorse this," said the clerk, as he handed in a cheque across the counter. "Eh?" "I say you must endorse this. The cheque requires endorsement." The reverend gentleman seemed to understand. He seized a pen and wrote across the back of the treasured piece of paper the following words: "I heartily endorse this cheque!"

Lord Dunraven, in days gone by, acted as war correspondent for the Daily Telegraph in Abyssinia and throughout the Franco-German war. In the 1st Life Guards he won great popularity as a steeplechase rider, but after two years' service he resigned his commission. He is an authority on hunting, and has travelled a good deal in his time. He is a clever talker, a brilliant writer, and has a happy knack of thoroughly enjoying every day that he lives.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, the champion of postal reform, is one of the greatest living authorities on all subjects connected with Australia. One of the most pleasant rooms in his house in Eaton Square is the library wherein are stored two or three thousand volumes all relating to the colonies. Mr. Henniker Heaton's birthplace was Rochester, where he was born in 1848. His father was in the army, but, having the misfortune to lose both his parents before he was seventeen, Heaton, the future politician, emigrated with his slender fortune to Australia, where he occupied himself by farming sheep, writing for the newspapers, and ultimately amassing a fortune.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, actor, manager, and author, is one of the most busily occupied men in the Three Kingdoms. He is an individual who seems to grow fat on hard work, and rest and quiet are positively bad for him. In his methods he is strictly methodical. His day's work begins at half-past eight, when he reads his letters, glances through any MSS. that may have been sent to him, and puts aside any that appears sufficiently meritorious, for future perusal. Business matters of one kind and another keep him employed until half-past two. At this hour Mr. Barrett usually takes a short walk, and, after dining in the middle of the afternoon, he goes to bed. Come what may, Mr. Barrett insists on two hours' sleep before the evening performance. When he returns from the theatre he generally writes portions of the pieces in which he collaborates, or finishes off his other work, often taking part in social functions as well. In spite of his hard work he enjoys the best of health, and by no means looks his age, which, by the way, is not far short of fifty.

CRICKET NOTES.

The membership of the M.C.C. is now 4,034, and men are actually putting down the names of their infants as cricketers awaiting election. In the ordinary course, unless a man is a really good cricketer, it takes ten or a dozen years, and perhaps longer than that before he can become a member of the premier club. And yet in 1869 the membership was only 1,200.

Woodcock, the man who broke the stumps at Kennington Oval and helped materially to bring about the defeat of Surrey the other day, is in his thirtieth year. Last year he proved one of Leicestershire's most destructive bowlers, taking in all forty-eight wickets at an average of 16·30 runs apiece. His pace is terrific, and on a hard wicket he can safely be relied on to bruise either the stumps or the batsmen, or both, as the Surrey Eleven, after their recent experience, will possibly testify.

It is by no means certain that the increase in the number of first-class counties will prove an unmixed blessing to those in charge of the financial departments of the county clubs. Indeed, the probability is that the additional matches involved by the change will mean no little financial loss, whatever the good it may do towards encouraging cricket in counties which have hitherto only ranked as second-class. In a monetary sense, Notts were in a very bad way at the end of last season, despite the fact that when they played at Kennington Oval they were capable, in conjunction with Surrey, of drawing £837 to the turnstiles. If, by playing only old-established first-class counties as they did last season, Notts could not reap a profit, how can they be expected to do better this year when they have to add to their expenses by playing new counties whose attractiveness has yet to be demonstrated at the turnstiles?

Indeed, the cricket outlook, financially speaking, is by no means of a roseate hue. To the rich shall be given the spoils, or rather the professionals; and, after all, this is what the summer game, so far as the counties are concerned, has resolved itself into. A regular hunt for promising young players is going on, and the club, with an impoverished exchequer, will find itself worsted by the club with a heavy purse. Not that the latter actually kidnap professionals belonging to another county, but they are enabled to encourage their colts, and, what is equally important, keep them in the county, whereas a county with slender means finds it an impossibility to educate a long string of budding Shrewsburys, and make it worth their while to remain at home.

There is already some vague talk regarding the formation of an English team to visit Australia in the autumn, but it is earnestly to be hoped that nothing will come of it. It was only the other day that George Giffen, with whom we are not often in agreement, stated that if success were to attend English elevens in the colonies, their visits should be somewhat few and far between; and he was certainly right. Excepting now and then in the case of a thoroughly powerful organisation, as Mr. Stoddart's proved, these tours have been over-done. In this country it is doubtful whether the strongest colonial eleven that could be got together would prove a financial success, although it seems to be taken for granted that we shall have Australian cricketers with us next year. The fact is we have seen so many inferior colonial combinations of late that the public have grown tired of them, and pin their interest to, after all, what is more directly attractive—the county championship competition.

Last season the accounts of Gloucestershire were very much on the wrong side, and now it will be learned with some concern, if not amazement, that the western county have decided, with an eye to economy, not to pay for the luncheons of visiting elevens. This is either an exceedingly shabby conception of what is due from hosts to guests, considering that the Gloucester team will still get their lunches free when playing from home, as no other county has adopted the new departure, or Gloucester cricket must be at a very low ebb, indeed, if a trifle of three sovereigns, the probable cost of the refreshments, cannot be spared for three days' play. There must be something radically wrong with Gloucester cricket. Last season, try as they would, they could only win three beggarly matches; and yet, here is the one and only W. G. opening the season with another century—his ninety-ninth, in fact. Just nineteen years ago—not long as individual cricket life goes—Gloucester went through the season undefeated, while W. G. compiled 890 runs in eight matches, and had the unapproachable average of 80·10 per innings.

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 8.56 p.m. on Saturday, May 25th, and 9.4 p.m. on June 1st. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half an hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.*

Signature _____

Available until midnight, June 1st, 1895.

SCIENCE FOR THE UNSCIENTIFIC.

No. 24.

Peaceful Revolutions.

THERE is something perennially attractive to the average eye in the spectacle of anything turning round and round, and there is nothing unscientific in this fascination. For, if we allow ourselves to think of it a little, how interesting is the revolution of a wheel!

There are a number of simple experiments with revolving objects very well worth making. And first let us examine what happens when anything turns round.

To begin with, if we have a pivoted wheel, we shall observe that, after an impetus has been given, it will continue to revolve for a greater or less time. The greater the force employed in starting it, and the greater the weight of the wheel, the longer it will keep on turning. Some wheels are made purposely heavy, in order that they may retain their impetus for some little while—the fly-wheels, as they are called, of gas and steam engines are examples of this. Impetus, or momentum, is, of course, an example of the curious property of matter called inertia.

The spinning of tops is a convenient instance of revolution and momentum. When the string is drawn away from the spindle of a top, it imparts, for a time, a great velocity to the top, and if we watch a top that is spinning, we shall note one or two curious things. The first is, that a top which one cannot balance on its spindle by any amount of ingenuity while it is stationary, stands up so firmly that it is with difficulty knocked over when it is spinning. Thus the revolution of it gives great stability to the top. In other words, the momentum is so great that neither gravitation, nor even a blow of some force, is sufficient to overcome the tendency of the top to continue its motion in the direction given it at the outset. The same thing explains the stability of a hoop and of a bicycle wheel in motion.

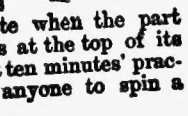
When a boy, having picked up a peg-top on his hand, desires to keep it spinning, we know how he turns his hand in the opposite direction to the spin of the top to effect this object, and this is of much importance from a scientific standpoint. When a top is first spun it will stand in an inclined position, travelling in spirals; but by degrees it stands upright, and (as boys say) "sleeps." But if the top were hollow, and contained a liquid, it would not rise.

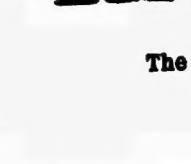
We may see this rather prettily by means of an egg. Lay an egg on its side, and, holding it at each end, thus, with the thumbs and fingers of both hands, give it a sharp twist, so that it may spin. You will find that the egg will spin only on its side, making no effort to rise. But treat a hard-boiled egg in the same way, and you will find that, on being spun, it will begin to rear itself on end. The faster it is spun the more it will do this.

If we set a peg-top spinning, and pour some water in a thin stream upon it, the water willl be scattered, as you know, in a complete circle around the top, making a great mess of a circular shape. Try as you will, you cannot wet the ground immediately under the top. This is an illustration of the kindred fact, that any body on being set in motion tends ordinarily to continue the motion in a straight line. The water, being free to travel, flies off the top in the straight line with the motion imparted to it at the first instant when it touches the top. The particles of the top tend to fly off also; but they are held in place by their own cohesion. If, however, one could spin a top with sufficient force (which one cannot), it would actually blow itself to pieces by the force of its own revolution.

Anything set in motion, not only tends to continue in motion in a straight line, but to continue in motion for ever, unless stopped by some new force. Why, then, does a top stop eventually? Because the frictions of the peg on the ground, and of the sides of the top against the air, overcome the momentum. A pegless top set spinning in a perfect vacuum—if one could conceive such conditions—*would* spin for ever; for force is indestructible, just as matter is.

By skilfully playing upon the "wobbling" of a revolving body, we may increase its speed. This is how plate-spinning is done, and a highly fascinating amusement it is. Select a plate that is perfectly round, and not too shallow, and use a table without joins in the wood. Hold the plate by the edge, with the thumb underneath, and the fingers above it, thus—the opposite edge of the plate resting on the table. Now cause the plate to "wobble" slightly, and as it continues to do so pat it a little way from the edge with the fingers as shown in the next illustration, timing the "pats" so as to catch the plate when the part under the hand is at the top of its "wobble." About ten minutes' practice will enable anyone to spin a good heavy plate with considerable success. It can be led from place to place on the table, and raised or lowered at will in the most diverting way.





It is the series of slight blows that gives the plate its rotation. We may contrive to make the revolution of a suitable body produce of itself the repeated impetus requisite to keep it spinning if there be available some suitable source of power. For instance, a water tap that is not of the "screw down" pattern now commonly used, may, if loose in its action, be made to keep on spinning round and round, letting out the water in little jumps, if we start the motion skilfully.

The reason of this is apparent when the accompanying diagram of a tap is examined. The plug, which is part of the T-shaped handle, has a hole bored through it, to let water out when it is so turned that the hole corresponds to the bore of the tap. When we loosen the plug and set it spinning, the water, forced from the cistern by its own weight, strikes the bore at the edge each time the plug comes round, and so gives it a new impetus. Some taps will spin for a long time, until, in fact, some other tap is turned on which alters the water pressure, and so disturbs the conditions.

Anything that is set spinning and thrown into the air takes a somewhat curiously curved course, the conflicting influences of its revolution and of the resistance of the air resulting in a sort of compromise. A smooth piece of wood cut to this shape and most easily propelled by balancing it on something, and then striking it smartly at one end, executes a curve which ends at a nearer point to the thrower than its farthest range. It is usual to explain that the affair will actually return to the feet of the operator, but I cannot say that this degree of perfection is quite easy to attain. Some people, more skilful than the present writer, may manage it, however, especially if they be Australian "black fellows" or aborigines, who are said to employ a missile of this kind for killing birds.

The resistance of revolving bodies is rather prettily shown by driving a spike into the end of a stick thus, and cutting a round disc of thin card to spin upon it. If we dislodge the card while it is still, it flutters about in the air as it falls to the ground: but if we set it spinning by a few flicks of the finger, and draw the stick away sharply, the card will fall quite flat to the ground.

If we can contrive to attach a circle of calico to the fly-wheel of a treadle sewing machine, by means of a thick wire, so that when the treadle is worked the calico may revolve, we shall find that, although it is impossible to keep it from hanging limp while it is still, it will stand out so firmly while revolving, that the finger cannot even be pushed through it without some force.

If we set in rapid revolution any object having one or more narrow limbs, like a windmill, a sort of artificial disc will be formed, capable of receiving a shadow, and also of resisting penetration. To all appearance this disc will be continuous. This is an optical effect, and is the result of what we call persistence of images on the retina of the eye. Anything seen for an instant produces an impression that lasts a little longer than the impact of the light constituting its image there. On this principle the toy called a thaumotrope is made, which may be thus prepared:

Tie a string to each side of a card. On each surface of the card draw some picture, say a dog on one side and a chair on the other. Spin the card by twirling the strings, and the dog will be seen on the chair.

(*"Our Stamp Album," by Mr. Harold Frederic, next week.*)

OLD LADY (on her way to church): "Don't you know, little boy, that it is very wicked to play cricket on Sunday?"

Little Boy: "We ain't playing; we're only practisin' for to-morrow's game."

"WILL you be mine?" he faltered.

She looked upon him with disdain. "I thought you knew better!"

His head sank upon his breast. "I do," he answered, in a hollow voice, "but they have all refused me, one by one."

DRINKING THROUGH A TOBACCO PIPE.

AN eminent tragedian, given to intoxicants, was once locked up in a room at the rear of the theatre to keep him in proper condition till he was called to go on the stage. One door of the apartment opened on the street, and while looking through the keyhole he saw a man passing, and calling him up to the door, he pushed some money through a crack, and instructed him to go to the public-house at the opposite corner, and procure a pint of gin and a clay pipe, promising to reward him for his trouble.

The man did as directed, and when he returned with the articles, the actor told him to put the stem of the pipe through the keyhole, and pour the gin carefully into the bowl.

These instructions the accommodating individual also followed, and the result was that when the manager called to notify the part he found him in a very happy frame of mind, but not at all in a condition calculated to add to his fame as an actor.

FIGHTING WITH A RED-HOT PEN.

AN old Australian tells a good story of the early days in Queensland. A big bush-whacker strolled into the store of a mining camp, and going up to the small clerk sitting at the desk busily totting up his accounts, announced that he had come to shoot him.

It happened that the clerk had just sent his revolver out to be repaired, and he was without a weapon. He tried to palaver with the desperado and talk him out of his passion in order to gain time. But the more he talked the fiercer the caller became.

Suspecting that the clerk was unarmed, he took a fiendish delight in holding his victim covered with the revolver, and telling him that he had only sixty seconds to live.

But the little man's brain was working at a lively rate all the time, and while he talked he held his pen in the flame of the gas-jet over his desk.

Without the desperado suspecting what he was up to, he succeeded in getting the pen red-hot—it took only a few seconds—and then he made a jump for his assailant so suddenly, and with such marvellous quickness, that, before the ruffian, taken off his guard by the supposition that the clerk was unarmed, could fire a shot, the little man had thrown one arm round the big fellow's neck, and was stabbing his red-hot pen into his face at the rate of two hundred strokes to the minute.

Imagine the wounds that big, sharp, red-hot pen must have made, held securely in a strong holder, driven by the arm of a man fighting for his life. Think of the sufferings the desperado must have endured in the few brief seconds before his agony conquered his courage and caused him to throw the revolver to the floor as a token that he gave up the battle. The ruffian—he was intoxicated on that occasion—is now one of the best friends the little clerk has, though his face is badly scarred from the wounds inflicted on him. Over the desk of the store now hangs a pen, still covered with blood-stains its full length, and above it is a placard, written in the blood that was formed upon it just after the battle:

The pen is mightier
Than the six-shooter.

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The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

*Signature*_____

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, May 24th, 1895, until Midnight Saturday, June 1st, 1895. (See column 3, page 747.)

The new designs for the cover of HOME NOTES have been specially drawn by leading artists, and will in themselves form a splendid gallery of beautiful pictures. Look out for them every Thursday.

THE NEXT BEST THING.

A hush fell over the young women in the telephone exchange when they saw him enter. It was not a perceptible hush; the noise of the instruments and of the operators who were engaged in saying, "Hello!" kept it from being that.

The visitor was a young man, but his face was full of *ennui* and other foreign expressions. These all vanished as he heard the din of conversation and machinery about him.

"Who is he?" asked one of the young women.

"Him?"

"Yes."

"Why, he is a man who was once a swell, but he lost his money and his friends. Whenever he begins to pine for his old associations, he comes up here and thinks of old times and feels happy."

"I don't see what he wants to come here for."

"Why, he listens to the noise, and imagines he's at a five-o'clock tea."

QUITE THE QUEEREST MONOPOLY.

In the extreme north-western part of Chicago a Mr. Silas Leachman spends four or five hours every day singing at the top of his voice, though not a soul is in hearing but his wife. When he gets tired of singing he varies the proceedings by giving a recitation or an imitation of an Irish wake, and altogether conducts himself in a way that would lead the neighbours to consider him a fit subject for a lunatic asylum—if there were any neighbours, but there are not. This is the very reason Mr. Leachman chose the lonely spot for his residence. No one ever goes out there to hear him sing, and yet he earns something over £10 a day, though he never sees one of his audience.

Mr. Leachman sings for phonographs. He has better protection in his monopoly than a copyright, or an injunction, or unlimited legal talent could afford. Nature gave him the peculiar qualities that enable him to reproduce his voice perfectly on the wax cylinders. Hundreds of people have attempted to break in on his profitable monopoly, but the results of their efforts put an effectual stop to their attempts.

He prepares three "records," as the wax cylinders are called, at one time. To do this three phonographs are placed near the piano, with the horns at one side, pointing away from the keyboard at an angle of forty-five degrees. The horns have to be placed very carefully, for a fifth of an inch makes a great difference in the tone the cylinders will reproduce.

When the horns have been adjusted the performer seats himself at the piano, and, turning away his head over his right shoulder, begins to sing as loudly as he can. As soon as he has finished one song he slips off the wax cylinders, puts on three fresh ones without leaving his seat, and goes on singing.

In the four years he has been in the business he has made nearly 250,000 records. So great is the demand for them that he cannot fill his orders. It is such exceedingly hard work that he can only sing four hours a day. He gets 1s. 6d. for every cylinder he prepares. He has a repertoire of 420 pieces, and his work is put on the market under a score of names. He has a remarkable memory, and after once hearing a song can not only repeat the words and music correctly, but he can imitate excellently the voice and expression of the singer.

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COUPON COVERING LOSS OF £20 BY BURGLARY OR HOUSEBREAKING.

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, will pay the Householder of any occupied private Dwelling-house in the United Kingdom (the rateable value of which is over £15 in Urban Districts and over £10 in Rural Districts) the value of any goods (other than coins, money, or securities of any kind) lost through Burglary or Housebreaking, with forcible entry, up to the amount of £20, provided the current and Two previous week's issues of *Pearson's Weekly* with the Coupons signed in ink with the usual signature of the Claimant (such Coupons being so signed prior to the time of the Burglary or Housebreaking taking place), be sent with notice of claim, which must be reported to the Corporation as above, within 48 hours of its occurrence. Provided also that evidence of the regular and previous purchase of the current and two previous weeks' issue of the paper be given; also that satisfactory proof of the Burglary or Housebreaking, and of the loss and value of the goods, and every particular required by the Corporation be furnished to them. For the purposes of this Coupon an occupied dwelling house shall be deemed to be a house in which there was, at the time of the Burglary or Housebreaking being committed, at least one person, such person being legally on the premises, and using the premises as his or her ordinary place of abode, or a responsible person placed in charge of the premises by the said Householder. No claim is paid where any member of Householder's family, servants, or other inmates of house are in any way concerned. No more than one Coupon from this paper can be claimed under by any one Householder. In other respects this Coupon carries the benefits of, and is subject to the conditions of, the ordinary Burglary Policy of the Corporation.

*Signature*_____

June 1st, 1895.

(To be written in ink.)

SMOKING MIXTURE.

No. 5.

By "Vesuvian."

Evidently my last contribution was a much wanted and considerably welcomed one, because, having profited by the practical information contained in it, correspondents are deluging me with inquiries, for, like Oliver Twist, they want "more." I now do my best to oblige, within the space at my disposal, and any questions which remain unanswered shall be dealt with in my next batch of "Mixture."

The warm weather has seemingly upset the tobacco stock of several smokers, for no less than nineteen ask the same question. They all want to know how to keep tobacco.

The first thing to be remembered is that tobacco, being a vegetable product, is very liable to decay. In fact, let it be damped and putrefaction of a more or less decided character sets in, and that from the moment it is manufactured. The sole idea, therefore, must be to prevent decay. It looks odd to find people pack tobacco away in their jars with the idea of keeping it, and meanwhile lay on top of it a slice of lemon or potato—just the identical thing which invites decay. Of course, they do this to keep the tobacco damp, poor deluded things! They know no better, because they never stop to think!

I *want* my readers to think; I want them to profit by my words, and to remember that I do not write idly or without experience.

Tobacco—especially *pure* tobacco which is damp—is bound to putrefy or decay sooner or later. "Keeping" it is simply a matter of staving off the evil hour for days, weeks, or possibly months, but the moment the check is removed its virulency will show itself.

Tobacco draws moisture, as it does flavour and aroma, from any mortal thing, and when it once absorbs either of the latter, nothing on earth will alter the state of affairs. The obvious inference is to keep tobacco away from the damp, and from tea, coffee, spices, or anything with a strong odour. This agreed upon, the primary thing is to find a suitable vessel in which to stow the divine herb. Of all substances for storage, odourless wood is the best; a good second is porous terra-cotta; the worst is china or enamel of any sort.

Having secured the receptacle, scald it out with boiling water, wipe it dry, and do the same thing about once a month, to destroy any mildew, germ of fermentation or decay which may present itself. Throw out the tobacco on a sheet of newspaper, and then shake it perfectly free from knots or lumps. That done, and all big pieces removed, begin to fill the jar in layers or strata exactly as described in my last writings, when I told the right way to fill a pipe.

Press down the top layer pretty compactly, and then lay above it a sheet of clean blotting-paper. On top of this lay two more sheets of the same material, well damped with spirit of any sort (methylated excepted), but they should be damp rather than wet, and just to allow no moisture whatever to exude on pressing them. Now put on the lid, place the receptacle in a cool, dry, even temperature, and its contents will keep for a week or two, or, say, till all the moisture in the blotting-paper has slowly evaporated.

Whenever any tobacco is removed from the bulk, say, for filling the pouch, run the rest through the fingers again, and refill the jar according to the foregoing directions.

Those who like a highly-flavoured and perfumed tobacco may easily and safely achieve their desires. All that is needed is to soak the blotting-paper in rum and bury a whole Tonquin bean in the tobacco in the jar or wooden drum. Nothing better is known, and I'm sure there is nothing safer, unless the idea is to invite decomposition. The bean will last for a year, and it costs about a penny.

Smokers are perhaps not aware that tobacco is one of the finest natural barometers in existence. It will indicate rain or fine weather at least twenty hours in advance, and by plunging the fingers into a heap of it one can tell by its extra humidity or dryness whether it is likely to rain or otherwise during the next twenty hours or so.

I hope my nineteen querists will profit by these remarks, and other smokers may do likewise.

Now a few words on cigars. Several believers in *P.W.* and "Vesuvian" want me to inform them how to tell a good cigar. If they will kindly wait till I can devote a good deal of space to the topic I will gladly do so, because it cannot be disposed of briefly. There are thousands of tobacconists—men who earn (or try to earn) a living by the sale of the kingly plant—who would be happy to be taught that very thing, because at present they don't know themselves, so it is evident that it cannot be taught in a minute. But I *will* teach my readers how to tell a good cigar as soon as my correspondence decreases. For the moment, however, a few hints may be of use, and I ask my readers to pin their faith to them, regardless of what may be urged by interested parties.

(*a*) A "good" cigar at a low price is an impossibility. Even the lowest-priced *good* British cigar of small size is worth 14s. per 100, retail, or six for a shilling in less quantities than a box.

(*b*) Light-coloured cigars are an abomination. They are produced from leaf which has not been allowed to mature on the plant, and, therefore, is *minus* the natural gum in the leaf which gives out the true flavour and aroma. The planters are responsible for this fraud. It enables them to sometimes get two crops a year, and thus secure a quicker and better return for their money.

(*c*) Buy cigars of medium chestnut colour, dry-looking rather than glossy, and which, before being lighted, have a pleasant slightly-acid smell.

(*d*) Buy cigars from a tradesman who is known; *buy one* to try, and, if it suits, buy more. Never buy a box on speculation.

(*e*) Don't believe in brands. We make cigars in England which are quite as good, if not better, than many Havanas. Do business with a reliable tobacconist, pay him a fair price, and hold him responsible for the goods he sells.

(*f*) *Cut* off the end of a cigar. Don't bite it nor gnaw it. Don't wet or chew it. Give it a good light and a fair chance to show what it is capable of.

(*h*) Smoke slowly and evenly. Don't "worry" your cigar. Don't knock off the ash every second or two; it will fall at the right time.

(*i*) Don't believe in chalky, white ash. The best, naturally-grown leaf, which has *not* been artificially manured and thereby spoilt, burns with a steel-grey or pearl-grey ash. White ash is another trick of the wily planter as a cloak for his artificial manuring and forcing of the crop.

(*j*) Carry a cigar-case and small cigar-cutter. Don't wet the outside leaf of a cigar. Don't believe a cigar is a good one because it is so dry that it cracks.

(*k*) As to size, shape, and weight. A very excellent guide is to select a cigar which is passably thick in the centre, tapers sharply towards the head, but to a much lesser degree of sharpness towards the lighting end or "tuck"; is of dry-looking chestnut colour, just under four and a quarter inches long, and weighs twenty ounces per hundred. These are points in cigar architecture which give all the advantages in perfect smoke, draught, and combustion, and, therefore, are aids in telling a good cigar.

I shall revert to this subject again soon, and have the help of an artist to make all my meanings clearer.

(*Army Notes next week.*)

Indignant Landlord (to tenant of flat): "I thought you said that all your children were grown up, and here you've got these noisy babies in the house."

Tenant: "Yes. These are my grandchildren."

Would-be Cyclist: "I thought you said that after twelve lessons of an hour each I should know how to ride?"

Cycling Instructor: "So you would, sir, if you hadn't spent the best part of the time on the ground."

Tommy: "Can we play at keeping a shop in here, mamma?"

Mamma (who has a headache): "Certainly, but you must be very, very quiet."

Tommy: "Well, we'll pretend we don't advertise."

"Oh, Edward, why are you so late? I have been so frightened."

Edward (who has been to a champagne supper) "'Portant business, my dear."

"Wouldn't it keep till to-morrow?"

"No, love; not after corksh drawn."

A nice lot of suggestions for new competitions, some of which we hope to avail ourselves of in the future, have come to hand in response to our offer of fifty penknives as prizes. The successful competitors are:

T. Berry, 34, Erdell Street, Boston; W. Bremner, Huntley Cottages, Aboyne; Rev. T. B. Nicholls, Neath, Glam.; H. T. Kellam, 5, Bradley Road, Wood Green, W.; F. D. Eaton, 233, Victoria Road, Aston, Birmingham; C. Edwards, 45, Regent Street, Leamington; W. J. Weaver, High Street, Dawley, Shropshire; A. Lamont, 3, Bailey Street, Bedford Square, W.C.; H. Booth, 2, Tennant, C.-on-M., Manchester; C. A. Gemmell, Sun Insurance Office, Bank House, Ilfracombe; G. Littleton, Norfolk Park, Maidenhead; T. Sheldon, 22, South Terrace, Wallsend-on-Tyne; G. E. Thomas, Norton, Presteign, Radnor; Miss Swanston, 23, Gloucester Crescent, Camden Road, N.W.; W. Ferguson, Newtown Hall, Newry; H. C. Price, c.o. Mrs. Townsend, Great Missenden, Bucks.; Miss M. Christian, Albert House, Ballure Mount, Ramsey, I. of M.; D. Middleton, 12 Ward, Royal Infirmary, Liverpool; T. B. Job, General Wolf Hotel, St. Austell, Cornwall; F. C. Lyel, 8, Queen's Gate Villas, Victoria Park Road, South Hackney; E. A. Walton, Northenden, Cheshire; J. Christelow, 24, Bristol Street, New Swindon, Wilts.; H. W. Giggins, 34, Holme Road, East Ham, Essex; Mrs. A. Graham, 4, Epworth Street, Belfast; J. Adams, 11, Fenton Street, Rochdale; A. Burn, Beccle College, Liverpool; Inspector W. Aitken, Princess Pier Station, G. & S.W. Ry., Greenock; R. Collingwood, Greenbank, Tuppoint, Cornwall; H. T. Yeend, 2, Isis Villa, Derby Road, Gloucester; E. Whitterne, 22, Pier Road, Erith, Kent; W. Smith, 20, Bridgewater Road, Broadheath, Cheshire; A. H. Mare, 41, Bradford Road, Somers Road, Southsea, Portsmouth; F. Baldwin, 39, Somerville Road, Peckham; T. White, 16, Farleigh Road, Stoke Newington, N.; L. S. Draper, 13, Mount Pleasant Crescent, Hastings; James Millar, Tranent, N.B.; John Clark, 3, Banner Mill Cottage, Aberdeen; E. J. Pickup, 5, Pembroke Street, Copenhagen Street, Islington, N.; J. Paynter, 320, Carnarvon Road, Bangor; A. E. Wood, Winchester House, St. James's Square, S.W.; Sarah, c.o. Mrs. Dixon, Cobden's Buildings, Prince's Field, Holbeck; T. Stone, 30, Stafford Row, North Street, Blaenavon, Mon.; G. Vine, 104, Wightman Road, Harringay, N.; W. H. Paull, 60, Sycamore Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; E. Thorne, 109, Croft Street, Hyde, Cheshire; G. Todd, 13, Dundas Street, Sunderland; W. Limb, 162, Poolsbrook, Staveley, Chesterfield; Mrs. Hallam, 62, Lambeth Palace Road, London; S. E. Marshall, 4, Haughton Road, Darlington; D. Darling, North Surrey School, Anerley, S.E.

Now First Published.]

VALDAR THE OFT-BORN.

A Saga of Seven Ages.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "The Syren of the Skies," "The Outlaws of the Air," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. L. P.

SUMMARY.

In the Prologue Valdar tells how he brought the Fates to Asgard of the Gods, and so ended the Golden Age, and how for this he was condemned to become a mortal, and wander alone through many ages on earth, and how Brenda, his beloved, vowed she would share his doom with him.

The fulfilment of his doom begins in Armen, the land of the Children of the Sword. In the City of the Sword he finds Ilma, Queen of Armen, whom he dimly recognises as having known in some other world, or other state of existence. With her he leads the hosts of Armen to war against Nineveh, and challenges Nimrod to single combat between the hosts under the walls of the city. Just as he unhorses him Babel and Nineveh are destroyed by an earthquake. Valdar saves Ilma and rides away. They are overtaken by the Simoom. To save her the agony of being choked he kills her, and dies beside her.

Two thousand years after, Valdar awakes and finds only the crumbling dust of Ilma's bones by his side. At the new Nineveh he comes before Tiglath, and for the price of a splendid coat of mail and a sword like unto his own, he receives from Tiglath a beautiful girl, Zillah, the very likeness of his lost Ilma. Zillah is a twin-sister of Balkis, the Queen of the South, and has been betrayed by Balkis and sold as a slave. The two sisters meet at the court of Solomon; Zillah forgives Balkis and together with Valdar they journey home. Zillah marries Valdar, but on their wedding night Balkis slays her sister and takes her place. Valdar discovers what has happened, and just as he is about to slay the false Balkis, his arm stiffens, and he fades away into the mists of death.

In Egypt, after a thousand years, and in the presence of Cleopatra, the high-priest Amemphis brings Valdar to life again. He performs great deeds of valour in the momentous conflicts that Cleopatra brings upon the world. After many travels he witnesses the Supreme Tragedy on Calvary, and dies at the foot of the Cross recognising his lost love in her who comes forward from the throng.

At his next awakening, Valdar is a follower of Mohammed. Derar is his companion-in-arms; Zoraida, Derar's sister, the re-incarnation of Brenda. Mohammed renames Valdar Khalid, captain of the hosts of Islam. After Mohammed's death, Valdar engages in many fights. Zoraida is killed in battle, and Valdar travels to the ruined temple of Ptah and dies there.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE LEGACY OF AMEMPHIS.

A STREAM of strong warm light slowly flowing over my brow and face awoke me. I opened my dazzled eyes, and saw dimly a long, thin beam of sunlight, outspread like a fan, falling from a slit high up in the roof of the temple, down on to the throne-seat where I was resting, half sitting, half reclining.

I put up my hand and rubbed my dazzled eyes and moved my limbs, stiffened with long sleep, and as I did so I saw by the light of the sunbeam my linen and woollen clothing crumble to shreds and dust about me, leaving only my steel cap and mail and weapons and my sword-belt whole upon me. It needed no more than this to tell me that another cycle of my strange fate had been completed, and that a new one was about to begin.

I stretched out my aching limbs, shaking the dust of my crumbled garments from them as I did so, and then rose, stiff and stumbling, to my feet, with a low, groaning cry, rather of sorrow than of wonder, for my heart had been heavy when the welcome sleep had come to my eyes, and it was heavy still, weighed down by the sad, though still-living memory of all that I had lost, and oppressed by the dumb, vague apprehension of that which, perchance, I was to win and lose again, and the mystery of the doom which still held me in its invisible toils.

In what new age of the world had I awakened? How long had those dear and gallant companions-in-arms with whom I had gone out to battle for Islam been dead and buried, and, perchance, forgotten? What manner of new world was that which lay outside the temple walls? What new races were those amidst whom I must go forth once more—a friendless stranger among strangers? How long had that deep, death-in-life sleep of mine lasted?

I looked up at the light-beam still falling bright athwart the gloom of the great chamber, and as I gazed at it with blinking eyes, I remembered that Amemphis had told me—alas, how many years or centuries before?—that there was such an opening as this which pierced the great roof-stones of the temple in such a fashion that once in a cycle of five hundred and fifty years the moon and sun alternately sent a beam of light through it on to the throne-seat of Ptah.

After this I remembered the white light that had shone before me as I entered the temple—which could scarcely have been anything else but the moon-ray keeping its appointed watch, and, by some mysterious decree of the Powers which ordain the destinies of men, guiding me to my resting-place. Therefore the coming of this sunbeam marked the passage of at least the half-cycle of five hundred and fifty years.

Now I had entered the temple in the Year of the Flight 18 according to the Moslem reckoning, which was the year of the Christian era 640, and, therefore, by the reckoning of the West this must be the Year of the Lord 1190. Thus, if this were so, a space of time had passed very nearly equal to that which had elapsed from the day I had laid down to die on Calvary to the day when my first vision of recollection had come to find me a goat-herd on the Arabian hills.

I shook the dust from my limbs and looked at myself and found that I might well have begun the world again in worse plight. The centuries had passed but lightly over me, robbing me only of that which could easily be replaced. My mail was whole, and, but for the dust between its links, as bright as ever. I pulled my sword out of the sheath, and let the sun-ray fall along the glorious blade, and found its lustre undimmed by a single speck of rust. Then my spirits rose again, for here in my hand was the one faithful friend that the cruel Fates left to me, bright and strong and true as ever, and as I gripped the hilt hard, and the muscles of my arm tightened and swelled out, I saw, too, that mine was still the strength to wield it, and therefore with it to carve out new fortunes for myself.

Then I sent it back into the sheath, and graver thoughts came to me. I was hungry and thirsty, and I was a prisoner in the temple, for though I could open the door to come in, I neither knew how to open it from the inside, nor was there any light at that end of the temple by which I could seek for the secret. Had I then but awakened from the death-sleep to perish anew of hunger and thirst in the great gloomy temple like a wolf in a pit-trap?

Surely not, and yet how was I to escape from this mighty tomb of age-enduring stone, this vast gloomy maze of endless chambers and galleries, surrounded for all I knew by yet vaster wilderness of ruins? As I stood thinking of this, and striving to recollect whether Amemphis had not given me some clue to the opening of the door by which I had entered, I watched the sunbeam climb slowly up from the back of the throne-seat till it rested on the carved symbol of Isis over the altar, and just under the horned disc I saw two lotus leaves carved in relief on the stone, and between them in the hermetic character a chiselled tracing, which read:

"Over the altar is the way to light and the means of life."

There were two meanings in this, as anyone might see that had eyes to see. I sprang on to the throne-seat, and kneeling on the altar I pressed on the lotus leaves just as the sunbeam vanished and left me in utter darkness. Then as I pressed harder, I felt the wall in front of me swing back. I stretched out my arms into the void beyond, and felt nothing on either side. Then I put them down and they rested on a smooth, sloping surface of stone.

Here was the way, but where was the light? for all was pitchy darkness in front of me, though the air of the gallery, or whatever it was, was cool and fresh, and I felt a faint stream of air blowing on my face as I leant into the void. I groped about with my hands till I found that behind the altar there was a square chamber of some considerable size. I crawled in, still feeling about me, and soon to my pleasure put my hand on what it recognised as an old-fashioned Egyptian tinder-box.

With the help of this I soon got a light, and lit one of two or three wax torches lying on the floor of the store-room, for such, in truth, it appeared to be. In one corner were some green glass bottles and a flagon, and a little heap of dried dates and nuts. I was not long knocking the neck off one of the bottles, and washing the dust of centuries down my throat with a draught of the true old mellow wine of Cos, such as I had pledged Cleopatra in more than a thousand years before. This done, my eye next fell upon a large roll of papyrus, on which, written in the hermetic character, I saw the first name I had born on earth.

Wondering not a little at this, I took it up and opened it, and read in the same writing on the inside of it as follows.

"To him who hath slept and awakened, Greeting!

"The Priests of Amen-Ra, taught by Amemphis the Son of Seti to await thy return, have watched over thy slumbers in the seat of Ptah till I, Mnethenes, the last of them left alive, being old and sick unto death, write this for thine information against thine awakening. The old Gods are dead, and the once lovely land of Khem is a waste of tombs and ruins. The temple of Ptah has been buried and forgotten by all save us for centuries. Steps under thee will lead thee to the light. The rolls of wax-cloth contain all that is left of the treasure of Pepi, who was Pharoah in Egypt many ages ago. The Gods have no use for it, and the last of their servants is dying, so it may well serve to cheer a portion of thy pilgrimage. Farewell!"

In the roll of papyrus there had been three other rolls of wax-cloth. One of these I took and slit with my dagger, curious to see what Fortune had sent to speed me on my way. As I unfolded the cloth it revealed to me line after line of great diamonds, embedded in the wax, and blazing in the torchlight with dazzling scintillations. With hands that trembled now, I unrolled the other two, and when they all lay outspread before me I sat and stared breathlessly at such a priceless hoard of gems as not even I had seen before—I, who had seen Tiglath and Solomon in their splendour, and had loaded myself with the spoils of Damascus and the White Palace of Chosroes.

The other two were filled with rubies and pearls and emeralds even yet more inestimable than the diamonds, so perfect were they in size and shape and colour. I took a few of the smallest out of each roll and put them into a little leathern bag that I found containing a few worn gold coins.

Then out of a little bale of linen cloth, that seemed to have been left for my use, I made myself as well I could a rude turban and cloak, tied the precious rolls of Pepi to my body under my mail, took the two remaining bottles of wine and the nuts and dates, and so equipped to meet the world again, I found and lifted the trap-door in the floor, at which the old priest's words had hinted, and descended a long flight of steps.

At the foot of these I found a narrow passage, along which I went until it ended in a smooth wall of stone. My torch soon showed me a tracing on this which gave the charm to which the monolith yielded, and as it swung to again behind me I found myself in a little room, whose broken roof and mouldering walls told that it had long ceased to be used as a human habitation.

Finding it utterly deserted, I ventured out into the open air. It was almost sundown, and all about me were ruins, silent and lifeless, the poor fragments of that mighty Memphis which I had known in all its splendour. I waited until day had given place to dusk, and dusk had deepened into night, and then, stealing out, I made my way like a spectre among the ruins to the riverside.

I must have walked a good two leagues when I came on a fair-sized boat moored in stream near a little cabin of reeds and mud. A sudden desire to smell the strong salt breath of the sea once more took possession of me, so, tying in a white rag a ruby worth ten such craft, I stuck it in a cleft in the mooring-post, got in, cast loose, and drifted away out into the stream unseen. I paddled a little way, then hoisted my ragged brown sail, and, trusting the rest to Fortune, lay down in the stern and went to sleep, for, like one who has slept long, I was still drowsy.

I was awakened by a crash and a shout. I sprang up to find that it was broad daylight, and that the gilded beak of a big galley was cleaving my frail boat in two under my feet. My hand went up and caught something, and closed on it. It was a boarding-grapnel hanging over the bow. I caught hold of another prong with my other hand, and scrambled up, helping myself with my knees and feet, till I got one hand, and then another, on the bulwarks, and then I swung myself aboard just as a big fellow—who might well have been my old Hatho's other self—came running forward with a double-bladed axe uplifted, evidently in the intention of splitting my skull for coming aboard his ship in such unceremonious fashion.

I had no time to draw a weapon or defend myself, so as I scrambled to my feet I flung off my linen turban and steel cap, and stood facing him with my long golden locks, which were brighter and fairer than his own, flowing about my uncovered head.

He stopped with axe uplifted, staring open-mouthed at me, and I, laughing, went to him with out-stretched hands, and said in good old Gothic:

"Was hael, friend! Thou hast a rough but ready welcome for thy guests, but as I come unbidden I can hardly grumble at it, yet methinks thou art too good a sea-wolf to strike a head that has been bared before thee."

He dropped his axe, and shifted it from his right hand to his left; then he stretched his right out and took hold of mine, and said in a speech that was near enough to mine for me to understand it:

"Thou art right, friend, whoever thou art and wherever thou comest from. I have split many a skull, but never yet an unguarded one. But who art thou? Thy speech and thy long, yellow hair proclaim thee a Northman, though the one is somewhat strange and the other would be none the worse for trimming and combing. What is thy name and country?"

"I have neither name nor country at present," I replied. "But I have that in my pouch which will buy me land, and that at my hip which will win me a name. As for where I come from—well, from the river last, for I was asleep in my boat, drifting down the stream, when your galley ran me down and sank her. And now, whither are you bound, and why so fast? Are you flying from yonder two galleys astern of you?"

"As thou seest!" he said, looking round and laughing at a dozen or so of the crew that had come forward to see who the stranger was. "We have been looting all night up the river, and we have more booty under the oar-seats than we would willingly give back to these black-faced sons of Mahound, so we are making the best of our way to sea, where we have a dozen stout long-ships waiting for us off the river-mouth, and, by Odin's hammer, if those heathens will but follow us far enough, their voyage will end in the slave-market of Tyre."

"And since when have the sea-wolves of the North learned to fly from any foe or through any cause?" I said, laughing half scornfully, and remembering how old Hatho and I had thought nothing of charging with a single galley into the midst of a squadron, and fighting away merrily till help came or victory made it needless. "By the Gods, were I but captain of this galley——"

"Well, friend, and if thou wert what wouldst thou do?" said a stark-built, long-limbed young warrior, who came striding forward just as I spoke. I saw the little crowd part and make way for him, and the tongues that had begun to murmur at my speech were hushed as he came up and stood before me—truly as splendid a figure of a sea-warrior as one might wish to behold, from the winged helmet that crowned his flowing yellow locks to the cross-gartered buskins that clothed his stalwart, shapely legs. "I am Ivar Ivarsson, and this is my ship. Now, what wouldst thou do if thou wert me—thou who swearest by the Gods in the tongue that our forefathers spoke?"

"Whatever tongue I swear in," said I, looking not without some love and respect into his fair, handsome face, "I have seen more fights of this sort than thou hast ever dreamed of, and if I were in thy place I would bid the rowers slack their speed, and row with one hand on the oars and the other getting their weapons ready, so that the Egyptians yonder would think that they were getting tired.

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"Then they would come up, one on either side, foot by foot, until they could cast their grapnels, and when they did that and the grapnels were fast, I would raise the weapon-song, and at them with axe and sword and every man on board, and, by the bright eyes of Baldr, neither axe nor sword should rest till the last of the Egyptians was flung in pieces into the river."

"Egyptians!" he laughed at me, in reply. "Why, what age hast thou awakened out of that thou talkest of Egyptians? Dost thou not know that Saladin the Moslem is Lord of Egypt, and that yonder galleys are crowded with the best sailors and warriors in the Eastern world?"

"And what is thine own good long-ship filled with?" I said, wondering who Saladin might be, and what sort of fighters I should find these Moslems of a later age. "How many men hast thou on board that can wield axe and sword?"

"Six score," he said, hastily. "But wherefore dost thou ask, and by what right?"

"Let us talk of right and reason when the fight is over, friend," I said, tearing my linen cloak from my shoulders, and pulling my big blade out of its sheath. "Look yonder," I went on, pointing with it over the bow. "There is the open sea. In an hour you will be on the waves. There is not another war-galley in sight, for it seems that this is not the mouth of Alexandria, else in good truth thou wouldst run into a hornet's nest. Do thou take three score men, and bid the other three score follow me, and when yon two galleys come up with us, do thou take one and I the other, and let us see which of us will clear his deck first."

Those who stood about us greeted my words with a shout, for it was just such a proposition as suited the hot blood that boiled in their veins, and when Ivar heard their shouts he stretched out his right hand and said:

"Give me handfast on that, and by the beauty of Brenda the Lily, our Queen of the Sea——"

"Hold there!" I cried, seizing his hand in a grip, which, stark and hardy as he was, made him wince. "Brenda! Who is she? Where or when have I heard her name before? No, no; it was in the ages that are forgotten. Say on, good Ivar, say on. I was but dreaming."

"Dream or no dream," he said, breaking loose from my grasp, and coming close up to me and laying his two hands upon my shoulders, and looking into my eyes with a new-kindled light in his. "Hast thou ever borne the name of Valdar—or dreamed that thou hast—for in Odin's truth thou art liker to all we have heard of him yonder in the Northland than any other son of women could be? Speak, and if thou art he thou shalt not need twice to bid me turn the ship about and head her back—aye, though there were a hundred galleys after us, instead of two."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

How the Sea-Wolves Turned.

For a moment I stood mute and confounded by the question, for this name, too, like that sweet-sounding name of Brenda, though it awoke dim, strange memories within me, and set my pulses beating harder and my blood flowing faster, yet told me nothing of any of those lives that I had lived on earth. Still, though dim, the memories were no less positive and haunting than were those of Armen and Asahur, of Egypt and Arabia. I could not say yes with any certainty, and yet I felt that to say no would be lying; so, for want of a direct reply, I said:

"It may be that in some ago I have forgotten I bore such a name, and that age may be the one in which thy lady's name was as familiar to me as my own. But tell me thou in turn—hast thou ever heard in thy Northland any talk of one like me who came with ships from the South filled with just such gallant sea-dogs as these about me, one whose name was then Terai, and whose lieutenant was one Hatho the Goth, in the days when Cæsar was lord of Rome and master of the world?"

"Yes," he said, and as he spoke I saw his eyes droop, and the warm flush fade in his cheeks, "we have a saga of such a one, and I have often heard the skalds sing it at the Yuletide feasts."

"Then," I said, "since the time for talking is growing short, thou mayst call me Valdar for the present, and I will lead half thy men and thou the other, and when the fight is over we shall have leisure to talk more of these things. Now give me a helm that will fit me, and the heaviest war-axe in the ship, and bid the rowers slow their oars, for the river banks are sloping away and we are close upon the sea."

"It shall be so, Valdar, and, if thou art worthy of thy name, thou at least will join the fleet in victory though I go to Valhalla before thee. If not——"

"If not," I repeated after him, "thou canst flay, living or dead, what is left of me after the battle, and make buskins of my skin for better men. Now let us get to work, friend, and talk afterwards."

"Spoken like a true man," he said. "Now come with me and choose thy helm and axe, and do you, Wulf, tell the rest what's afoot."

I followed him aft into the cabin under the high poop—for the Norse galleys of those days were bigger and better furnished than any whose remains have been preserved to these times—and soon chose for myself a helm of steel like his, with golden wings, and as pretty a double-bladed axe as ever I swung, saving it might have been a few pounds heavier to suit my taste perfectly. Then I loosened my belt, and pulled up my shirt of mail, and took off the three rolls of gems and gave them to him, telling him to put them away in his chest, and if I fell and he survived to take them home with him, and give them to Brenda as a keepsake from Valdar.

Then we went out of the cabin again, and found the sail down, and the rowers just keeping their oars moving with their left hands, while their rights were busy making their weapons ready.

The two pursuing galleys were now drawing close up to us, and as they came on I heard the shrill beating of brazen kettledrums, and the shriller screaming of the war-cry that I had last heard yonder up the river on the island of Rhonda, when Amru and I stormed it together. But when they came so close that I could see them distinctly, I found these Moslems of a later age but sorry soldiers of the Faith after those grim, wild champions of Islam with whom I had charged to victory over the burning sands of Syria, for they were small and lean, and decked out with fineries of silk and gold over their armour till they looked more like such Persians as we had scattered at Nehavend than true sons of the desert.

The nearer they came the louder and the shriller they yelled, for they had swallowed my stratagem, and believed us weary with rowing and too worn out to fight. But the tune soon changed, for, as they shot alongside and threw their grapnels, every oar came in at once, every Northern mother's son sprang up full armed upon the oar-benches, and, Ivar to the right and I to the left, we leapt on board their crowded decks, I shouting my old war-cry of Armen, and Ivar shouting the battle-song of Odin, which his men and mine took up in such a thunderous chorus that the yells of the Moslems sounded above it like the screaming of sea-birds in a storm.

Gods! What shame I felt for those who had once been my brothers in blood and arms as these puny warriors went down under the hammer-strokes of our axes, screaming for Allah and Paradise in the same words that I had heard ringing full-voiced in the triumph-shouts that had hailed the victories of Aiznadin and Yermouk!

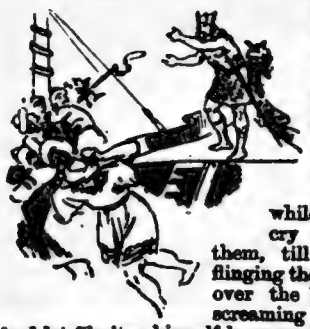
They met us first with long pikes, and from behind the rank that held these their archers sent flight after flight of arrows and javelins into our faces. But the Northmen had evidently seen this kind of fighting before, for they put their round bucklers up over their heads, dashed the spear-points aside with swinging blows of their axes, and sprang, leaping and shouting, into the midst of the Moslems as though the work were but the veriest child's play to them.

And so in good truth it was, for I don't believe there was a man among us of these stalwart sons of the North that was not twice as heavy and thrice as strong as the best Saracen in all Saladin's fleet or army. As for me, remembering what I did of Derar and Amru and Ali, and all those gallant champions of the early days of Islam, it was easy for me to see that these brown-skinned, silk-bedecked pigmies were men of an alien race, and no true sons of Ishmael—as, indeed, I soon learnt they were not, but only the descendants of the hungry hordes of Turks and Seljuks, Syrians, and other mongrels who had been our slaves in the olden days.

Then in the heat of battle there came back to me like a flash the memory of what the Prophet had said to me, and I saw that, if such as these were the masters of the Moslem world, then the worst and not the best of his prophecy had been fulfilled, and that the sceptre of Islam had passed from the House of Hashem into the hands of the barbarians. This thought kindled so fierce a fire within me that for the moment I forgot where and what I was, and, as a whole crowd of them recoiled before the sweeping strokes of my battle-axe, I raised my voice anew and shouted in Arabic:

"The curse of Allah and his Prophet on you, degenerate dogs and sons of unbelieving mothers! What ban hath fallen on Islam that such as ye pipe the Tecbir in your squealing women's voices? Have ye never heard of the Sword of God? Now, by Allah, ye shall see and feel it."

With that I swung my axe round my head and hurled it into the midst of them with all my force. Like a stone flung into a patch of reeds, it dashed them backwards and to right and left, the one flinging the other down as ninepins do under a well-aimed ball; and then my great blade flashed out, and I went at them, hacking and hewing, cutting and thrusting, and all the while shouting the old battle-cry of Islam in mockery at them, till they broke and fled, flinging themselves one after another over the bulwarks into the river, screaming to each other that Allah had let Shaitan himself loose upon them for their sins.



I chased them from the waist, where we had been fighting, up to the forecastle, laughing and shouting, now in Arabic at them, and now in Gothic to our own sea-dogs, who came after me, leaping and singing and howling with delight at what they had seen. Then, when the last of them had been struck down or flung overboard, we faced about and ran aft, swinging our dripping weapons, and making so mighty a din and such a fierce show of bloody rage that those who were left on the poop never even waited for us, but dropped themselves overboard like so many ducklings taking to a pond, preferring the chance of the river to the certainty of death under our swords and axes.

By the time we had finished with our own ship, and stood panting and laughing at each other on her bloody decks, Ivar and his fellows had done much the same on the other, though their work was not yet quite finished. But as soon as the Moslems that were left saw what had befallen their comrades, and saw, too, that we were ready, if needs be, to take our part in the merry game that was being played on their own decks, they lost heart, and soon cries for quarter began to mingle with the battle-shouts.

"Was hael, Ivar?" I shouted across to him. "If thou hast need of a few more axes or swords thou canst have them, for ours are idle already."

He waved his axe to me in greeting, and shouted a great laughing shout of battle-joy, and then his axe came down, splitting a steel-capped skull as it fell, and the next instant he fell, too, for a wounded wretch on the deck, who was not as near dead as he thought him, caught him round the legs and tripped him up on the slippery, blood-smeared deck.

My jest was good earnest now, and I sprang forward, followed by a score of my own fellows, to his aid. We cleared bulwarks and oar-seats in our long leaping strides, and just as the crowd closed round him we were upon them. There was neither time nor room to use a weapon in the press, so opening my arms, I picked the pigmies up two and three at a time, and pitched them back over my head and shoulders under the feet of those who came after me; and so I tore my way through the crowd till I came to where Ivar lay, now sorely wounded by the showers of blows that had been rained on him while he was down.

One yellow-skinned knave was just stooping over him to drive a dagger into his neck as I reached him, and him I picked up by the ankles and swung him round my head like a flail, till his head and arms and shoulders were smashed out of all shape against the weapons and mail of his fellows, and his blood and brains spattered them from head to foot in such a ghastly shower that they fled screaming and half blinded out of reach, only to be cut down by the axes and swords that were rising and falling in a ring outside them like hammers round an anvil.

Then, with a good ringing Arabic curse, I flung what was left of him at their heads, and, throwing Ivar over my left shoulder, I pulled my sword out and soon cleared a way back to his own ship, and laid him in his cabin, where I stripped off his armour and clothing and set myself to wash and bind up his wounds, which were many and deep enough to have let the life out of any but a man made in hero mould. Here old Wulf found me when he came to say that the last of the Moslems was either dead or a prisoner, and that the two great galleys were ours.

When he saw what I was doing, the honest old fellow came to me and held out his hand, saying, with tears in his eyes and something very like a sob in his voice:

"Friend Valdar! I see that thou art a true warrior—as gentle after the battle as thou art savage in it. By Thor and Odin, it was well for us that I didn't break thy head as I meant to in the bow yonder. Thou hast given us the victory when we were flying from our foes—shame on us!—and, if Ivar lives, thou wilt have given him his life also, and I tell thee that sooner than have gone back without him to his father, who is out yonder with the fleet, and to our Lady Brenda, who waits for him in the Northland, I, for one, would have found a fight somewhere and died in it, so that I might have gone with him to Valhalla."

"He will live, never fear," I said; "but the sooner we have him back to the fleet the better, so get us under way again as quickly as maybe. You see to that, and I'll stay and watch by Ivar. If you have any good wine on board bring it to him, for he will be all the better for it when he comes to himself again."

He brought me the wine—good, red, strong stuff it was, too—in a big silver flagon, out of which I took a mighty draught by way of toll, for that noonday fight had made me as dry as the sands in the Vale of Siddim; and then he went away, and soon I heard the water splashing and swishing about the ship from the buckets. Soon after I heard the oars go out, and felt the ship spring forward under the lusty strokes; and when I went on deck again, leaving Ivar sleeping quietly in his bed, I found that we had already cleared the river mouth, and, with our two prizes in tow, were gliding over a smooth sea towards a fleet of some dozen and a half great stately long-ships, whose gay striped sails and golden beaks and dragon heads were glittering merrily in the light of the evening sun.

We ran alongside the biggest of them, as trim and lovely a long-ship as ever bore the sea-wolves of the North to victory and plunder, manned, I could see, by as gay and gallant a set of sea-robbers as ever made might right, or found a good title to their neighbours' goods in the strength of their own right arms.

On board of her they took me to clasp hands with Ivar's father, a stately, stalwart veteran, bronzed and battle-scarred by many a hot sun and bitter fight, yet still as strong and supple as the best of his men, and as royal an old sea-king as ever sailed out of the North. When they told him how I had fought and what I had done for Ivar—and you may believe me that the tale lost nothing in the telling—I saw the tears come into his fierce old eyes, and he said to me in a voice that rang like a deep-toned bell:

"Blood for blood, and life for life, Valdar Starkarm, as thou art well worthy to be called! That is our war-creed, and while one of our long-ships floats, or there is a man of us left who can fight beside thee, thou shalt never want a friend or a brother-in-arms; and to-night, if thou wilt, we will swear the blood-troth, and thou shalt be a brother among us and fare home with us to the Northland, where perchance thou shalt find better things awaiting thee."

"That I will," said I, "and right willingly, for it seems to me, I know not how, that in some fashion, and after long wanderings, I have come back among my own people. Henceforth, or till I again pass into the shadows out of which I came but yesterday, the Northland shall be my home, and the sea my country, and you and your gallant sea-wolves my brothers and my kindred—for others I have none in all the world."

"That is a strange speech, Valdar," he said, gravely and slowly. "Strange enough for thee to be that very Valdar of whom the saga tells. Have they already told thee what the skalds have sung of one like you?"

"Yes," I said, "they have, and I should love well to hear that same saga sung."

"Then to-night thou shalt hear it," he said, "for my youngest lad, Harald, yonder, has the sweetest harp and the clearest voice in all the fleet, and to-night he shall sing it for thee when the wassail bowls go round."

(To be continued.)

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FICTION.

A ROMANCE.

"I HATE a tunnel!" the maiden said,
And closer to the traveller drew;
"They always make me feel afraid
Of some disaster; don't they, you?"
And then the traveller shook his mane.
"You're safe enough with me," said he;
"Whatever happens to the train
You always can rely on me."

And, with ear-splitting whistle's shriek,
The train plunged in the black abyss;
The traveller sought her blooming cheek,
And frescoed it with many a kiss.
Emboldened by her sweet alarm,
As on they tore through that eclipse,
He laid her head upon his arm
And kissed again her ruby lips.

"Ah, me!" the lovely maiden smiled,
As she arranged her ruffled hat;
And once again the sunbeams filed
In at the window where we sat.
"Ah, me! for once that horrid pest
Was robbed of every startling fear.
I thank you for your interest;
Excuse me, sir; I get out here!"

And so she left him, drowned in sighs,
And on the sea of soft dreams tossed
Of her sweet lips and deep blue eyes,
So quickly gained, so quickly lost.
To dream; but, ah! at last to seek
The time, and find that in the din
She'd seized upon her chance to sneak
His watch and chain and diamond pin.

PETTINGILL'S HUNT.—Jim Pettingill, who is a stout man, went home to his wife the other evening and asked her where she kept the key of his Gladstone, as he wished to pack up a few things and take the night train for Glasgow to look after some important business matters.

Mrs. Pettingill told him to go upstairs in her room and he would find the key in the pocket of her black dress, which was hanging on a nail behind the door.

Poor, foolish mortal, he did not know that it was easier for the eye of a rich man to crawl through a camel than for his miserable self to find the pocket of his wife's dress.

Blinded by his own confidence, he took the dress off the nail, and that moment his sufferings commenced. He took a short survey of the garment as he held it up in his left hand in order to locate the position of the pocket.

His eyes rested on a small opening, and he thrust his hand into it, only to find his fingers gliding through a kind of bottomless concern, and then sticking his arm into it to the hilt he observed that his hand was protruding from an aperture on the other side. This caused him to change the position of the dress, and he saw another opening, and sounded its depths, and ascertained that it was the same mysterious hole he had been in a moment before.

This slightly annoyed him, and, after throwing off his coat, he went again in search of the pocket. He saw a little slit on the right side, and a softer light came into his eyes. "This is it," he murmured, and, putting his head into a shallow flounce, commenced to grope for the key, which, however, was sleeping snugly in the pocket at least two feet away. Pettingill got angry. He determined to find the pocket or die with his face to the foe, and the next minute he commenced stabbing the dress with both hands, hitting it straight blows from the shoulder, and dancing round it, just as if he was engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight.

He glanced at the clock, and saw that the train would start in forty minutes, and once more he jumped for the dress with a low yell that indicated plainly that he was angry enough to match himself against a hornet. He jammed his head into the folds of the dress, and commenced digging with both hands, and the air got full of satin bows, pieces of Watteau pleats and smothered growls.

While seated in a chair resting himself, he glared at the crumpled dress lying on the floor, and the idea occurred to him that the only way to keep the pocket from dodging him was to put the dress on. He did so, and then renewed his search, but his hands would slide into loops, furbelows, folds, flounces, and everything else except the much-desired pocket.

This was more than he could stand, and he determined to take off the dress and tear it to pieces, and thus discover the dwelling-place of the pocket. He pulled the dress up over his head as if he was divesting himself of a shirt, and it got caught in his braces and wrapped itself round his neck in a peculiar way, and he stooped forward and tugged at it with all his strength, but it would not give an inch, and appeared to tighten its grip round his head.

It was hot, and he was smothering in its folds, and, in order to release himself, he beat the air with both hands and danced up and down in one spot until the window-panes rattled.

The dress, however, knew that it was getting the best of him, and would not let him go, and then Pettingill, in his rage, made a blind dash and butted the basin and jug off the washstand and upset the rocking-chair, which prodded him severely in the ribs. The next dive he made the dressing-table suffer, and cologne bottles and powder boxes, mingling with a tin bath-tub and a bird cage, rolled over the floor.

Mrs. Pettingill heard the crash, and hastening upstairs, discovered her husband lying on the floor on his back, with his arms and head bound up in her dress, and kicking both his legs in the air and using profanity to the tune of 140 degrees in the shade. She pulled him out of the dress, and he sat up on the floor and gazed at her in a dazed way, and rubbed his ribs with one hand, and wiped the blood off his nose with the other.

There was a look in his eyes which told Mrs. Pettingill that it was not the time to talk to her husband, so she merely picked up the dress, and without any trouble at all stuck her hand in a certain place and took out the key, which she handed him without saying a word. It was too late to catch the train, so Pettingill quietly bathed his bruised head and then went to a locksmith's, and when he came home he brought his key with him, and it was chained to a bar of pig-iron.

JACK GOODFELLOW'S SMALL BROTHER: "Jack, is there any past tense of due?"
Jack (gloomily): "Yes, dun."

STOCK EXCHANGE ANIMALS.—"Were you a bull or a bear?" asked an acquaintance of a speculator.
"Neither," he replied; "I was an ass."

PHOTOGRAPHER: "It will be one shilling extra for your little boy in the picture, madam."
Sitter: "What! If I hold him in my lap?"

ARTIST: "Miss Brownie-Brown-Brown, who is to marry a prince, won't let us have her photograph for publication."
Editor: "She won't, eh? Tell the foreman to use one of those cuts labelled 'Before Taking.'"

"HENRY, you look worried; what's the trouble?"
"I was stung to the quick by an adder this afternoon."
"Heavens! How did it happen?"
"Why, I went to the bank this afternoon, and the manager told me my account was overdrawn."

THIS morning a young lady passing a residence on whose steps was a young man, and in front of which was a dog, trod on a piece of orange-peel. In a flash her feet went out from under her, and she went down on the pavement. The dog, in a playful mood, rushed to her assistance, while the young man, not at all embarrassed, asked:
"Did you fall?"
"Well, I should think I had," said the young lady, rising and rearranging her hair.
"Oh," responded the youth, "I thought perhaps you sat down to play with the dog."

TEN CYCLES TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

IMPORTANT OFFER TO OUR READERS.

Competition No. 6.

THE LONDON CYCLE CORPORATION of COVENTRY and MANOR PARK, LONDON, E., are anxious to make their machines better known, and to this end have placed TEN "ADVANCE" CYCLES at my disposal, to be GIVEN AWAY to my readers, one each week, under what circumstances I think best.

The sixth Cycle is being given away under the following conditions:

In the first case each competitor must write to the Manager of the London Cycle Corporation, Manor Park, London, E., and inclose two stamps for their Art Catalogue of machines. Then prove in the cleverest manner that "a bicycle is a cricket-bat." Example: That "a piece of blotting-paper is a lame dog," can be proved as follows: A piece of blotting-paper is an ink-lined plane. An inclined plane is a slope up. A slow pup is a lame dog. The Cycle will be given to the sender of the best transformation.

Send this in to *Pearson's Weekly* Offices, together with the coupon to be found in the catalogue, and the number of the Bicycle you would like in the event of your success. It must be distinctly understood that no competition will be accepted unless accompanied by Coupon. A competitor may send in more than one attempt for the Cycle, provided that he forward a coupon with each.

Ladies may compete, of course, and select machines specially made for them. The machines are of the newest pattern, and complete in every respect.

Competition No. 6 closes on Tuesday, June 4th. Mark envelopes "Transformation."

FACTS.

EVERY German regiment has a chiropodist in its ranks.

IT is claimed that Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any body of water in the world.

THE letter "I" in the Chinese language has 145 ways of being pronounced, and each pronunciation has a different meaning.

GREY horses are the longest lived. Creams are decidedly delicate, and are seriously affected by very warm weather.

IT is not generally known that, with certain exceptions, the population of the British Isles is liable to conscription for the Militia.

A STRANGE custom prevails in Siam when a funeral is passing. The female observers take down their hair, and the men feel in their pockets for a piece of metal to place between their teeth.

SOME years ago, a lady took out a patent for perforated bed-clothing. Her contention was that the sleeper ran less risk of incurring rheumatism and lumbago if the perspiration was allowed to escape.

THE smallest city in the world is the miniature place known as Steward City, Alaska, U.S., its three inhabitants being respectively Mayor, Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, and President of the Common Council.

AMONG the Arabs a practice from time immemorial has prevailed of churning by placing the milk in leather skins, which are shaken or beaten until the butter comes. A bag of milk is tied to a short rope, the other end of which is fastened to a saddle, and the horse made to trot.

THERE is considerable difference between the size of the hands and feet, and, curiously enough, on opposite sides. Thus, whilst the right hand is generally the larger, it is the left foot which is the bigger and stronger of the two. This is probably due to the fact that we stand habitually on the left foot.

AMONG the curiosities of tropical plant life are the pearls, found occasionally in the cocoanut palm of the Philippine Islands—pearls which, like those of the ocean, are composed of carbonate of lime. The bamboo, too, yields another precious product in the shape of true opals, which are found in its joints. In each case this mineral matter is, of course, obtained from the soil. The natives of the Celebes use these vegetable opals as amulets and charms against disease.

BOER courtships are carried on in this wise: The swain rides up to the house of his chosen fair, dressed in his best clothes and well mounted, and, after having obtained permission from her parents, when the family retires to rest—often in the same apartment—sits up with his inamorata. So long as the candle with which he is furnished burns, so long may he his tale of love unfold. When it burns out they must part and retire also. The process is called op-sitting.

IT is a strange fact that the right hand, which is more sensible to the touch than the left, is less sensible than the latter to the effect of heat or cold. If you dip both hands simultaneously into two bowls of water of equal temperature, the left will experience the higher sensation of heat, and this will happen even if the thermometer shows that the water in the left bowl is in reality a trifle colder than the water in the right one. The reverse happens in the case of persons who are left-handed.

WHERE the diamond comes from nobody knows. You can no more predict the existence of diamonds than you can the existence of genius, although, to be sure, all diamond fields to a certain extent resemble each other, and all are found only in warm climates. Nor can you tell where the diamond goes to on combustion. Burn it, and it leaves no ash, the flame is exterior like that of a cork, and when it has blazed itself out, there remains not even so much as would dust the antennæ of a butterfly.

THE French have devised a method of preserving fruits by means of alcoholic vapour. In making the experiment, grapes were gathered and placed in a cellar, closed by an ordinary wooden door. In the cellar was placed a large bowl filled with alcohol, and the grapes were hung upon wooden racks. At the same time some of the fruit was placed in two other cellars, neither of which was supplied with alcohol. A month later the grapes in the two last-named cellars were found to be completely spoiled, whereas those in the alcohol cellars were found sound and fresh.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the BURGLARY and HOUSE-BREAKING INSURANCE, has been paid up to June 1st, 1895, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page 743, and against Burglary and Housebreaking to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 744.

TO CRICKETERS.—Don't you think it would be a good idea to give a penny to the F.A.F. for every run you make this season? Sixpence a wicket, too, wouldn't be amiss if you're a bowler.

"MORE LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"

By Clement Scott.

This is what the dying Goethe said: "More Light! More Light!" The darkness was being cleared away, and a sudden ray of a beautiful eternity must have burst on his astonished vision. Do we not all of us feel it now, to-day, this lovely May time, after a winter of darkness, imprisonment, and desolation?

> Once I said in my despairing
> This must break my spirit now;
> But I bore it—and am bearing,
> Only do not ask me how!

But it is all over. The world has put on her loveliest apparel, and Great Britain as you all see it to-day, believe me, is the very loveliest spot in creation. I have been round the world, and I declare to you, there is no lovelier sight in creation than such an English May as this.

Go by rail anywhere you like, and delight in the sight of the gorgeous primroses, spilt all over the woods and railway banks like clots of cream. Go as far as you can out of the town in which you live—north, south, west, or east—and fill your senses with the scent of violets and hawthorn bloom. It costs so little if you know where to go. For a few saved pence you can get to Gravesend and back, walk in Cobham Park, and see English lanes for which an Eastern Prince would give a fortune.

And if this joy and exhilaration of a new life, if this truest and best promise of eternity, if this declaration of God's Nature that nothing dies and everything will be born again cheers the woman's heart and fortifies the man's soul, what must it do, what could it do, for the little helpless children who have borne the winter and the darkness with the piteous eloquence of grief.

There are two forms of pathos visible to all who watch and feel—the pathos of delirious happiness; the pathos of hopeless despair. I was thinking the other day what were the two most pathetic pictures ever presented to me in real life. I think I know.

Some winters ago I visited the slums of Shadwell, accompanied by an old friend and excellent good fellow, Archibald Brown, the great preacher of the east of London.

We found in a lonely attic a woman far beyond middle-age working like the veriest slave for bare existence, toiling at her sewing to be able to take so many shirts to the master and so many pence back to her desolate room to keep body and soul together. This treadmill task had been hers the whole of her life, and up to that moment she had never seen the country, never looked upon a green field or hedge. Stitch! stitch! stitch! walk! walk! walk! for a woman's lifetime!

I said she had no companion. I am wrong. The companion of her solitude had died that morning. It was a little canary—the only voice that had cheered her lonely heart—and there it lay in the cage a little soft heap of yellow feathers. Thank God, we were able to send the poor soul for at least one day in the country, and when she returned another canary was singing in the empty cage.

And now for the other picture, illustrating the pathos of joy. It was on one of our fresh air excursions, in company with that prince of organisers, John Kirk, of the Ragged School Union, a true disciple of the late Lord Shaftesbury.

The vans had arrived at the gate of a field, in which you could scarcely tell the golden buttercups from the emerald-green grass. To this paradise of flowers, under this blue sky, on this heavenly day, amidst the exquisite scent of nature, arrived a little girl who had never seen the country in her life.

I watched the child intently. She toddled through the gate into the buttercup meadow speechless, and as in a dream. She wandered on with the fresh grass and buttercups almost to her little waist. She looked round where her companions were playing and gave a stifled inarticulate cry of almost painful joy, and then flinging her little body on the grass, sobbed as if her tiny heart would break. I shall never forget that child's sob of thanksgiving whilst I live. For that it was.

And it was to win these sobs of thanksgiving from little children that the Fresh Air Fund was invented. The God of Nature has prospered it. Arthur Pearson's noble little pioneer movement of three years ago, when a mere handful of boys and girls and cripples met their excellent friend in the heart of Epping Forest, has advanced by leaps and bounds.

How well I remember the day when the little army of released London children, the band playing, the flags flying, children—some shoeless, some hatless, mostly patched and darned children, the active ones in front shouting and cheering, and the cripples in their perambulators forming the rear guard of the Fresh Air Fund Army.

How they enjoyed themselves, how they tucked in to the meat pies and cake, how they revelled in the fresh milk after their excursions after frogs, sticklebacks, and wild flowers, how delighted they were when Mr. Kirk or one of his kindly assistants gathered them round in a circle, and there they sang songs and hymns, and someone told them a story or someone else played or sung to them, until the sun died down behind the old oaks, and, wearied out, the delighted and contented children went back to London town with something of the original angel restored to them, with quickened imaginations and a securer faith in Providence.

And so the Fresh Air Fund grew and prospered. In three years no fewer than 135,000 children have been presented with a peep of Paradise at the alarming cost of ninepence a-head. The Fresh Air Fund has extended its beneficent arms, and taught the huge provincial centres how to give an imprisoned child a joy unspeakable, for threepence less than a shilling.

But there is no end, I can tell you, to the powers of organisation developed by the Fresh Air Fund. To spare ninepence is to give one child a day in the country, a ramble, a shout, a hearty meal, and a sleep more blessed—with sweet dreams in it—than the child has ever experienced before.

But I shall be told that it is easy enough to "pump up" sentiment, but the great thing is to be practical. It is this very practical quality that I so much admire in my friend Arthur Pearson. He has provided some handy collecting forms so that any human being—man, woman, boy, or girl can collect pennies, and pennies mount into ninepences, and each ninepence is a child's holiday, so that to be without a Fresh Air Collecting Form is absolutely inexcusable.

Who knows what a little self-denial might result in? A walk to work and back again instead of a ride these lovely spring mornings; a glass or two less at luncheon or dinner in the course of a week; the sacrifice of an occasional cigar. Well, you know, these good works might mean ninepence, and then during the next Sunday pipe, when the blue smoke is going up in rings and curls, you will see mirrored in the smoke that picture I drew you of the little London child in the buttercup meadow, crying for the very joy of existence, and dumbly worshipping an unseen God.

I should envy the feeling of that good fellow who had duly saved his ninepence, and given joy to a London child, and maybe, in the dreamy vision of the Sunday pipe, he would hear also those words of great and exceeding comfort, "Inasmuch as you have done it to the least of these little ones, you have done it unto Me."

The sum of ninepence paid down will secure the holiday, and Mr. Pearson and his helpers will do the rest. There will be no need of any further assistance or thought, and the little one will come back safe and sound, blown sweet by the May breezes and the flowers of spring. "God Bless the Fresh Air Fund," said I. And I have no doubt whatever of the result of such a prayer, by whomsoever uttered.

A Careful Guardian.—Mistress: "I should like to know what business that policeman has in my kitchen every night in the week?"

Pretty Servant: "Please, mum, I think he suspicions me of neglectin' me work or somethin'."

No Tick Here.—"Why don't you wind that clock and set it going?" asked a bad customer at a country grocery shop.

"That clock is a sign," said the grocer, and the customer worked it out for himself before he left the shop.

"You sit on your horse like a butcher," said a pert young officer, who happened to be of royal blood, to a veteran general who was somewhat bent from age.

"It is highly probable," responded the old warrior, with a grim smile; "it is because all my life I've been leading calves to the slaughter."

Some Frenchmen were boasting of their "affairs of honour," when one of them, a Marseillais, declared that he had inflicted upon an antagonist the most dreadful fate that a duellist had ever met.

"How was it?" asked everybody.

"I was at an hotel, and I chanced to insult a total stranger. It turned out that he was a fencing master. 'One or the other of us,' he declared, in fearful wrath, 'will not go out of this room alive!' 'So let it be!' I shouted, in response; and then I rushed out of the room, locked the door behind me, and left him there to die!"

Pearson's

Photographic Portfolio

OF

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This artistic portfolio contains charming full-page photos of the following actors and actresses:—Miss Kate Cutler, Mr. John F. Sheridan, Miss Ethel Haydon, Miss Evelyn Field-Fisher, Miss Fortescue as *Lady Teasle*, Miss Mimi St. Cyr, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, Miss Conway, Miss Alice Lethbridge, Miss Keith Wakeman, Miss Marie du Bedat, Miss Jessie Huddleston, Miss Lettice Fairfax, Miss Florence St. John, and Miss Marie Tempest.

Nothing so beautiful at such a ridiculously small price has ever before been produced.

WIVES FOR NINE.

A funny story comes from America of nine men being proposed to instead of proposing. During the recent depression, a firm of hatters was compelled to reduce the staff, and decided to discharge the single men as being the best able to bear the misfortune.

The nine enraged ex-hatters paraded the streets with banners inscribed—"Lost my work because I had no wife," and "For want of a wife the berth was lost," and similar phrases.

Of course these proceedings were reported in the papers, and soon after the nine men were amazed to find themselves inundated with letters from all parts of America, and from all kinds of women, offering to marry them on the shortest notice.

A NEW PARISIAN VICE.

Petroleum enters into the manufacture of not less than 200 articles of universal benefit, and the oddest use of which it is put is its inhalation in the form of naphtha vapour by Parisian women as a substitute for opium.

In one factory where naphtha is largely used it is by no means an uncommon practice. The naphtha is kept in reservoirs, and is drawn off through pipes as it is wanted for use. By accident some of the female operatives made the discovery that the fumes from these reservoirs had a peculiar and pleasant effect upon them, and from this the initiated fell into the habit of going regularly to the valves and inhaling the fumes.

Several girls who were previously slaves to hasheesh have given it up in favour of naphtha fumes, because they were easier to take. All that was necessary was to inhale them from the pipes, and the work was done. Besides, the latter cost nothing, which was an important item to a girl on small wages.

A languorous and pleasant sensation comes over the indulger, and when she would drop off to sleep very delightful visions are the result.

The sensations resulting from a good pull at the pipes usually last three-quarters of an hour.

In most cases the narcotic influence of the fumes produces sleep, which covers half of this time; but although there is not absolute sleep, the condition closely borders on slumber, and the effect is about the same. The same delightful languor possesses the mind and body, which the deluded victim of this vice persists in believing cannot be otherwise than a good thing for her.

SAFETY ON THE ATLANTIC.

Notwithstanding all the peril from fog and ice, and from the fury of cyclones and hurricanes, the steamers of the transatlantic lines are so staunchly built, and so capably handled, that a man is less likely to meet with accidents on board one of them than he would be in walking the streets of a crowded city.

Never before have so many passengers been carried as are carried now. The ships that were regarded as leviathans fifteen or sixteen years ago are as yachts compared with more recent additions to the various fleets. Scarcely more than ten years have elapsed since sixteen knots was the maximum speed; now it is twenty knots, with the certainty of an almost immediate increase to twenty-one knots.

The tonnage has been increased within the same period from a maximum of 5,000 to 10,500, and while ten years ago 200 cabin passengers were as many as any steamer could accommodate with a reasonable degree of comfort on one voyage, it is not uncommon now to find over 500 as the complement of one steamer.

When steamers of sixteen and seventeen knots were built, it was said that they were too large and too fast, and that they would surely come to grief, but experience has proved them to be as safe as any. In fact, those who are best qualified to know declare that the augmentation of speed promotes safety.

That point was fully discussed by the captains of the principal lines not long ago, and the opinions expressed were almost unanimously in favour of the faster ships. They not only diminish the period of exposure to such dangers as there may be in the transatlantic voyage, but from the superior power of their engines and boilers they are better fitted for overcoming those dangers. They are able to escape from areas of fogs and storms sooner than slower vessels, and are more easily handled in thick and heavy weather.

From the rapidity with which they can be manœuvred, they can avoid collisions which would be inevitable under some conditions with slower ships; if a collision becomes unavoidable their impetus enables them to cut the obstructing vessel in two with comparatively little injury to themselves.

It is not conceivable that the element of danger can ever be wholly eliminated from the navigation of the Atlantic; but notwithstanding the extent and difficulty of the traffic, and the size and speed of the ships which, flying to and fro in all kinds of weather, arrive in port at all seasons with a promptness and regularity quite equal to that of express trains on land, the number of accidents in proportion to the number of passengers is constantly diminishing.

Let me remind your mothers, sisters, daughters, and lady friends generally that the first of the series of ISOBEL HANDBOOKS is Now on sale, price 1s. Part I., entitled "Dainty Dishes for Slender Incomes," contains thousands of recipes, and is remarkably comprehensive and complete.

NOT REALISM.

Young Author: "Would you call my novel realism or romance?"

Friend: "What does the heroine say when she accepts the hero?"

Young Author: "Oh, she says, 'Yes, dear George, we will tread life's path together, one in heart and purpose, bearing each other's burdens, sharing each other's grief, doubling each——'"

Friend: "Oh, that's romance of the first water. A real girl would no more think of making a speech on such an occasion than of singing a song, or dancing the Highland fling."

GHOULS OF THE RIVER THAMES.

When the tide is down the "River Scorcher" hires a small boat, drops down the Thames, and probes the mud at wharf and pier for old iron.

Nothing daunts him, from a ship's bolt to an anchor. It is this class who are sometimes called the ghouls of the Thames, but it may at once be said that the occupation of the ghouls, pure and simple, is gone.

It was killed by the regulation allowing ten shillings to the finder of every body. Prior to that it was the unpleasant practice of the mudlark, when he discovered a corpse, to strip it of its belongings, and then fling the remains back into the muddy waters.

The scorcher of to-day, with hope of fixed reward, is more virtuous, and such derelict remains as escape the eye of the river police are conscientiously carried by him to the Mortuary at St. George's-in-the-East. When it is borne in mind that the mortuary list generally contains descriptions of from forty to fifty unidentified bodies, it will be admitted that this dread harvest of the dark and silent waters is for ever being reaped.

When fair trade is bad the scorcher will steer his bark reflectively among the shipping, and annex a spare rope or chain without much pricking of conscience. It is one of the regrettable necessities of his arduous calling.

A DIFFERENCE OF COMPLEXION.

The young man considers himself a man of resources although he is not so sure about it now as he was a few days ago.

He has been extremely attentive to a certain young lady, and he was calling on her at the time that he partially lost confidence in his resourceful mind. It is unnecessary to narrate what passed between them on the occasion in question, but at the time that the young lady's sister entered the room he was in the act of folding the young lady to his manly bosom. Of course he desisted at once, as young men generally do under such circumstances, but he was not embarrassed—not a bit.

The young lady's sister said, "Excuse me," and started to leave the room, when his resourceful mind began to work.

He felt that he ought to say something suitable to the occasion, and say it right away.

"Don't go," he said, "we've just been measuring to see which is the taller."

She paused in the doorway and looked at them both intently.

"You're both about the same height," she said, quietly, "but sister is much the redder."

Then she went out, and he was embarrassed—just a little.

ON SPANISH WARSHIPS.

There is a singular and fantastic custom in vogue on board all Spanish war vessels. Years ago—so the legend runs—a Spanish man-of-war was lost under peculiar circumstances.

The ship was careering gaily along before a Levant breeze, when suddenly the heavens grew dark with an approaching squall. All hands were called to shorten sail, sheets and clewlines were manned, but not a sheet would budge an inch.

Down came the squall; the carpenter and his mates were ordered to cut the halyards as a last resort, knowing that with the yards resting on the caps the canvas would no longer be under pressure, and the wind spilled out of the straining sails. But the yards remained mastheaded, and the vessel capsized.

It was afterwards discovered that the sheaves, through which sheets and running gear had been rove, were so tightly plugged with wedges that it was impossible for the gear to render. It was asserted that no human agency could have done this, and the work was attributed to supernatural and evil powers.

Shortly after the fatal occurrence a general order was issued directing the crews of every Spanish war vessel to be sent aloft to chase evil spirits out of the sheave holes every evening at sundown.

From that day it has been the custom for Spanish men-of-war crews to go aloft for that purpose. The men run up the rigging, lay out on each yard-arm, and closely examine all suspected parts.

SCARING UNWELCOME VISITORS.

During the Franco-German War a couple of hundred Uhlans arrived in a Norman village. One of the peasants hurried to a neighbouring hamlet to warn a well-to-do farmer that he might expect a visit from unwelcome raiders. The farmer was equal to the emergency. Calling his wife and daughters, all went to work with a will. Torn quilts, tattered petticoats, dilapidated gowns, were thrown over the backs of the cattle, enveloping them up to their horns, while their feet and their heads were bound with straw.

Then the sheep and goats were treated in the same fashion; bottles of medicine were scattered about; a large trough was filled with water, and in its midst was placed a great syringe. Up came the Uhlans, but at sight of the strangely-attired animals and the monster squirt they hesitated.

At last one of the troopers inquired what was the matter. "The rinder-pest," said the farmer. He had to answer no more questions; his visitors turned their horses' heads and galloped off at their best speed, to make requisition elsewhere.

THE RECORDER OF DYING LANGUAGES.

The phonograph is being ingeniously utilised in the study of Indian languages in the United States. Many of these languages are becoming extinct, and the phonograph affords the only means of preserving their sounds. No white man can make the sounds of the Moqui Indians, the most primitive of the Pueblo tribes.

Dr. J. Walker Fewkes last spring and summer devoted his time to the obtaining of records among the Passamaquoddi and Zum Indians. From the former he got sacred songs, religious rituals, folk-lore, and counting-out rhymes. Many of these will perish with the present generation, for they are known to only a few of the veterans of the tribe. From the Zunis Mr. Fewkes also obtained their religious formulas, their prayers, their songs at the corn dance and other festivals, with their war cries.

The other day Dr. Fewkes read a paper on the subject, and gave demonstrative evidence of the utility of his scheme by reproducing samples of the Indian tongue from his cylinders. One who was present says it was reassuring when the war cry rang out through the hall to know that the savage was as far away as New Mexico, for it would have been a horrible sound to hear on a dark night in a lonely spot.

ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY.

A well-known conjuror, who under the present circumstances wishes to be nameless, sends the following good story of his experiences in Montana:

"Amongst other things I had two dice-boxes and two clay marbles. I called the miners round me, and proceeded to manipulate the marbles and boxes on the bar of the local saloon.

"'Now, gentlemen,' said I, 'I'm no worker of miracles; I don't heal the sick nor raise the dead, but I'll put this marble under this cup and bet you a twenty it's under the other cup. Come, who'll open the ball?'

"Silence followed. Then a friend of mine elbowed his way to the front.

"'I'll bet she's there,' he said, and laid down his money.

"'And there she is,' exclaimed I. 'Here you are, here's your cash. Once in a while I'm caught just in that way. Well, who's next? Here's the marble; you can see it go under the cup. Now, I'll bet you either way.'

"Three rough hands were raised with three twenties, when a husky voice shouted at the edge of the crowd:

"'Hold in yer bronchos, boys, I'm the first man to bet.' A burly individual in a blue shirt and broad-brimmed hat pushed his way to the bar. 'Now, professor, I'm ready fur yer. Lift up yer box. There's the ball, dead to rights—see it, fellers?'

"The 'boys' answered affirmatively.

"'Here's a twenty, perfesser,' went on the husky-voiced man, 'an' I bet the ball's under that cup. 'Cause why? 'Cause I am a rational man, an' we're all rational men—we believe what we see. We seen the ball under that cup, an' it's got to be there, an' I'm bettin' it is there. If it ain't there they's been a hocus-pocus, and that kind o' work don't go down with this hyer community.' The husky-voiced man produced a six-shooter about as long as a Winchester. 'In my opinion I'm betting on a dead sure thing. Lift the cup, perfesser.'

"The six-shooter was cocked with an ominous 'click,' and the husky-voiced man looked me squarely in the eye.

"I confess that I smiled in a sickly way, coughed, hesitated, and would have said something had not a pair of determined steel-grey eyes given me fair warning. The joke had gone further than I intended.

"I raised the box; the ball was there.

"'I thought so,' said the husky-voiced man as he pocketed the money. 'If you want to take any more bets, perfesser, I reckon the boys'll accommodate ye.'

"But I didn't."

THE WISDOM OF PREVENTION.

Mr. Tricure (anxiously): "My dear boy, what a dreadful cold you have."

Mr. Strongman: "Yes. I get a cold now and then. My only ailment."

Mr. Tricure: "But that's very wrong. I never get cold, and you wouldn't either if you treated yourself as I do."

Mr. Strongman: "Well, how, for instance?"

Mr. Tricure: "I take a Russian bath every week—it's excellent for my rheumatism, I find—and massage twice a week; that's for insomnia. I rarely sleep more than three hours any night. Then a cold plunge first thing in the morning for my lungs, and a two-mile walk. I seldom take any breakfast; dyspepsia's too bad. I drink about three quarts of hot water during the day for my liver, and then I use a nerve tonic at night. I tell you, my boy, if you'd follow my regimen——"

Mr. Strongman: "Oh, thanks—but—er—er—I think I'd rather have a cold."

HOLLAND'S DEFENCES.

While other nations, when invasion threatens, mobilise their armies, in Holland the order will be given for the "mobilisation of the waters."

When this operation is effected, a water-line from five to ten miles wide, and some sixty miles long, will be created, directly barring the advance of an invader coming from the East. Above the surface of this inundation nothing will be visible but a few narrow roads raised on embankments, guarded by fortifications bristling with cannon.

The water, for the most part, will be only a few inches deep, so that it will not be navigable by hostile gun vessels or flotillas; while deep trenches cut in the ground below will frustrate any attempt to wade through the inundation.

The contingency of an invasion taking place in the winter, when the waters might be frozen over, is ingeniously provided for. The depth of the inundation will then be increased, and the waters allowed to freeze on the surface. The water below will afterwards be drained off, leaving the crust of ice suspended and ready to break in under the weight of the first troops who attempt to cross it.

A BABY OF NINETEEN.

The oldest baby in the world is an American. It was born nineteen years ago in Philadelphia, and is now no older in the matter of physical development than it was a few months after its birth. The child is a victim of a curious disease or defect, which is not unfamiliar in medical science; but this is one of the most interesting cases of the kind ever reported.

The child at first appeared healthy and well developed. It grew and ate well. At the age of eight months growth seems to have ceased absolutely. But it was more than a year old before the parents began to be seriously alarmed. They then noticed that it showed no inclination to talk or walk.

Mary Frances remains practically as she was at eight months of age. She has not grown, has no teeth, neither talks nor walks. She still lives on baby food, and shows no sign of dawning intelligence. A slight increase in the size of the head and the lips is all that can be noticed. The child appears fairly healthy and cheerful, and has not developed the deformities which have commonly occurred in similar cases. Hosts of doctors have examined it, and have been unable to suggest any cure.

TAKING A MEAN ADVANTAGE OF HIS SWEETHEART.

"Nine women out of every ten believe that warts can be 'talked off,' that cutting a child's finger-nails before he is a year old will cause it to become a thief, and have a hundred other superstitions equally as absurd. I once took a mean advantage of female credulity.

"A few years ago I became desperately enamoured of a young Devonshire girl. She had several suitors, and I much feared that I was not the favoured one. Now, the young ladies of Devonshire have a superstition that by performing some ceremony at midnight on the first day of May, then looking into an open well, a maid may see the face of her future husband. Her brother had been a college chum of mine, and together we fixed up a little scheme. We made a round screen of thin card-board that would just fit the well on her father's premises. In the centre we cut a hole large enough to admit my head.

"Shortly before midnight I entered the well with my screen and a lamp. I descended twelve or fifteen feet, put my head through the screen, beneath which I held the lamp. I had just completed my arrangements when I heard the young lady chanting the mystic lines. She looked into the well and appeared frightened, but satisfied. The next day I popped the question and was accepted. I have never undeceived her. She believes to this day that our marriage was ordained by the Fates."

When you have an hour to spare take a stroll through the slums of any of our big cities, and if the result is not a subscription to the F.A.F. you had better consult a doctor.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Clean your Galvanised Tanks, etc., by scouring them with strong hot soda water. If the vessels are, however, used for hot water and soap, either substitute well-made tin vessels, or have the galvanised iron painted, otherwise it will attract the soap and cause a deposit both disagreeable and unpleasant to look upon.

Naples Cauliflower Pudding. Boil a large cauliflower in salted water till three parts cooked, and then allow to get cold. Butter a pie-dish, and make a little white sauce, into which stir two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Arrange a layer of cauliflower in a dish, cover with the sauce, season with pepper and salt, and so on till the dish is full. Scatter breadcrumbs over, and bake till browned. Serve very hot.

Purify the Sinks, especially during the warm weather, or they will become foul. Dilute some common sulphate of iron in the proportion of one pound to four gallons of water, and pour it over the sink three or four times a day. You will, in this way, keep your sink as sweet as when it was new, and no offensive odour will arise. Sulphate of iron, or copperas, is a very powerful deodoriser, and is therefore most convenient for the cleansing of drains, and similar purposes.

Temperance Ginger Wine made from this recipe is very good. Boil together for rather over thirty minutes, six pounds of well-crushed loaf sugar, three ounces of ginger, and three gallons of water. At the end of the time stir in the whites of three eggs, well beaten; place the whole aside till thoroughly cool, and then cask with five lemons sliced, from which the pips have been removed. Add half a small teacupful of yeast; leave it to ferment for about three days, bung it up, and bottle a week or ten days later.

Mutton is Generally Either Roasted or Boiled, but it can also be devilled, and this is a very tasty way of cooking cold mutton. Put into a frying-pan about two ounces of butter and a table-spoonful of red currant jelly, and place on the stove to melt. Cut the mutton into neat slices, removing any superfluous fat and skin, and lay them in the butter as soon as it begins to simmer. Cook slowly, until the meat is quite hot, and turn it constantly to prevent its getting hard. Serve on a very hot dish, with a sauce made of the juice left in the pan, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a little mixed mustard, and pepper and salt to taste. Boil all up together, and pour over the meat.

The Smell of New Paint is exceedingly unpleasant, and I can quite understand your desire to know of some way of removing it from your house. Either of the following methods will, I think, do this. I presume that the room smelling of paint is not occupied. Put a pan containing lighted charcoal on a stone in the middle of the room, and on top of it throw a handful of juniper berries. Shut the windows and door, and do not go into the room for about twelve hours. Then open the door and windows wide in order to allow the vapours to escape. The other way is to stand a bucket of water, containing a large handful of hay, in the room. The water absorbs the smell of the paint, but this method takes a longer time than the one given above. (*Reply to* MRS. FENTON.)

In Preparing a Trousseau, it is generally considered that when our dresses are decided upon we have little more to do, for the design of our underwear seems a much less weighty matter, but somehow, when it comes to the point, we are always uncertain about it. I think that a dressing-jacket is most useful and comfortable, as well as pretty, and I am sure that no one can do better than select that shown in the underclothing catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

The garment to which I refer (No. 6,004, price 6½d.) is quite simple in make, and yet exceedingly smart, being unadorned save for the frills of lace and the tucks on the lower part of the sleeves. There is no difficulty in making this with the aid of our pattern, which has the quantity of material marked thereon. Either a light flannelette or Molleton flannel would be suitable.

Black Felt Hats may be renovated by sponging with ammonia, and, when dry, brushing with a stiff brush. (*Reply to* C. ACHESON.)

Keep Green Vegetables Fresh by placing them on damp stones in an airy cellar, and cover over with a damp cloth. This hint will be useful to dwellers in towns who have vegetables sent from the country in large quantities.

Dandelion Salad, although not eaten as much at home as abroad, where the leaves are cultivated for the purpose of salad-making, is very agreeable in the early spring. Take a knife, and cut them as much below the surface of the ground as possible, so as to have a large portion of the stalks white. Wash at once, and arrange in a bowl, with an equal quantity of watercress, a few sliced scallions, or the white part of leeks; the addition of a little salt, and plenty of either Italian or olive oil, or double cream, completes a most tasty accessory to cold meats. It is unnecessary to include vinegar. (*Reply to* H. L. J.)

Shell Gold is that which you require. It is very useful to put a line round a picture frame, etc., or to renovate an old one. Grind leaf-gold with some new honey, on a piece of clean marble or slate, until it is very smooth and soft to the touch; then put it in a glass of clean water, stir, allow to deposit and decant the water from it; repeat till the gold is very clear and fine. Then pour into it about a pennyworth of aquafortis, and allow it to remain for a couple of days. The gold may be then taken out and mixed with one or two drops of very thin gum water. A little oxgall washed over the surface before the gold is applied improves its appearance, and a trace of soap in the water last used gives an improved result. (*Reply to* J. LEE, Bucks.)

This Non-poisonous Fly-paper is quite the best I know of, for it is inexpensive and perfectly free from stickiness. Pound half a gallon of water over one pound of quassia chips (to be had of any chemist), and after letting it stand all night, boil the fluid down till it measures one quart, after straining. Pour a further quart of water over the chips, and boil down till reduced to one pint. Mix the two infusions together, and add between half a pound and three-quarters of a pound of sugar. When this has dissolved, pass some clean blotting-paper of any colour through the fluid, drain and hang up to dry. A small piece of this paper, placed in water in a saucer or on a plate, will prove very effectual. (*Reply to* VILLAGE INN, Thurstaston.)

Pot Flowers Kept in Rooms have one great drawback the air is dry, and the dust tends to impede the action of the pores of the leaves. The rain, which would easily cleanse them, they are deprived of, and after a time they become very unhealthy-looking and perhaps die, for not even watering with a proper can has the effect of the cool, soft, gentle rain. The best remedy is to sponge them regularly with a piece of soft old sponge, dipped in slightly warm water to which a little soft soap has been added. Practice and delicacy of touch are the two great essentials of success, and the plants should be more frequently treated in winter than summer. Palms, indiarubber plants, and those with large, smooth leaves are quite the easiest to wash in this way. They should be thus treated at least once weekly, if not oftener. Some kinds of plants seem to attract dust more than others, and among these may be mentioned orange trees. These trees give out a sort of sticky oil, which catches the dust, and to keep them in good condition the leaves require very special attention. In fact, all plants are the better for an occasional washing, and in the case of those with very delicate leaves it is safer to use tepid water only, without the addition of soap.

Braised Breast of Lamb. Braised meat makes a pleasant change from roasted, and is also more economical, for braising, which is a kind of improved stewing process, renders the meat tender, and, consequently, more digestible, and does not absorb so much of the nutritive juices as roasting does. Lamb is particularly good when cooked in this way, and a small breast is the best joint to select. The first thing to do is to remove the skin and put the joint in boiling water for a few minutes in order to scald it, after which it must be drained and put into cold water. Take some thin slices of lemon-peel, remove the meat from the water, and arrange the lemon-peel on it, and then a layer of bacon, thick enough to completely cover the meat. Put it into a braising pan, with about half a pint of good stock; flavour nicely with salt, pepper, one or two onions, a bay leaf, a few carrots, and any savoury herbs you may have by you, and let simmer very gently until done enough. People who like macaroni will find that it goes very well with braised lamb. It should be boiled in water, and put on a very hot dish with the meat on top of it, and rich brown gravy poured over the whole. The macaroni can, of course, be omitted, and some vegetable served with the lamb.

For Washing Finger Marks from Mirrors, etc., take a clean flannel, sprinkle a few drops of spirits of ammonia on it, and rub quickly. Afterwards polish with a duster or leather. (*Reply to* BALLYMENA.)

Hang a Small Brush on a handy nail near the washing-up sink. Nothing looks worse on an otherwise well-kept table than tea stains and dirty marks on jug handles, tea cups, and china with an uneven surface. A few minutes daily devoted to this brushing will add to the appearance of the china cupboard.

In Washing Linen, if pipe-clay is dissolved in the water, the linen is thoroughly cleansed with half the labour, and a saving of fully one-fourth of soap. The clothes will also be improved in colour equally as if bleached. The pipe-clay softens the hardest water. A halfpennyworth of pipe-clay to four gallons of water is sufficient.

Madeira Biscuits are very delicious for tea, and can be kept in a tin, always ready for use, much longer than cake. Try this recipe for them: Take half a pound of flour, half a pound of ground rice, and a quarter of a pound of caster sugar. Make into a stiff paste with milk, flavour to taste with lemon or any other essence. Roll out thin, cut into small shapes, and prick each biscuit. Bake in a moderate oven till crisp, but not brown. It makes these biscuits pretty to have little strips of angelica pressed on to them before baking.

Irish Stew of Salt Beef. This is a way of using up remains of a joint of boiled beef as a change from "Bubble and Squeak," and I find it very popular in my household. Take slices of parboiled potato, and place a layer in the bottom of a saucepan. Scatter sliced onion over it, and a good seasoning of pepper and salt, then another layer of potato, onion, etc.; add just enough water to cover the bottom of the pan to the depth of an inch. Put the lid on the pan, and boil the contents till tender, then add the salt beef cut into slices half an inch thick; let all simmer for half an hour, and serve. (N.B.—When you have carrots add two cut in slices to the other vegetables.)

To Carve Poultry. In order to carve really well, it is necessary to understand something of the anatomy of the fowl, or whatever bird you intend operating upon. Anybody can cut up a fowl, after a fashion, but there is a wide difference between hacking it to pieces in any kind of a way, and carving it neatly and scientifically. Be careful to have a dish large enough to allow of turning the bird right over if required, and provide yourself with a medium-sized and very sharp knife. To carve a fowl, which is the bird you especially mention, proceed in the following way: Put it on its back on the dish, with the tail end on your left hand, and the wings close to the body. To hold it firmly on the dish, insert the carving-fork into the breast, one prong going on either side of the breast-bone. Cut off the leg and wing nearest to you, and then slice the breast. To remove the merry-thought, pass the knife across the breast, a little to the right of the highest point of the breast-bone, and cut down gently. Then turn the fowl round, and cut away the other leg and wing. The fork can be held in the same position all the time. The leg is sometimes divided into two parts, one consisting of the drumstick, and the other of the thigh-bone. I hope this description will help you. (*Reply to* T. M.)

Isobel.

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All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

1895.	JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
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THE SOLDIER'S LAST WORDS.

"Brethren, let us dwell together in harmony and peace."

These are good words, always fit to be spoken, and they are especially fragrant, as coming from lips which Death is about to seal for ever.

We quote the following from an American newspaper: "Henry D. Lees, a prominent politician, while addressing a meeting at South Norwalk, on October 31st, dropped dead from heart disease. His last words were, 'Brethren, let us dwell together in harmony and peace.' He was a well-known Grand Army man."

Had this old soldier fallen from a rifle-ball through the brain, his end could not have been more sudden. The paper says he died of heart disease. Is it likely he did? Not at all likely, inasmuch as *real* heart disease is a *very rare* malady. More people are killed by lightning than by that. True heart disease is a shrinking of the lining membrane of the heart, caused by previous inflammation; the inflammation being produced by rheumatism and gout, and the latter by the poisons generated in the stomach by indigestion and dyspepsia. As we have said, this malady is very rare; *a person may have it and live to be a hundred years old.* His heart has simply lost power to pump as much blood as it did once; that's all. He must take life easier.

But the ailment that goes *by the name* of "heart disease" is quite another thing. Women can explain the difference even better than men. Read this for example: "When I was 17 years old, I seemed to lose my health all at once. It was in the summer of 1889 that I began to have spells of feeling faint and giddy. My tongue was furred, my appetite poor, and after eating I had pain in the stomach, and was all the time belching up wind. I was always tired and weak, and none the less so for eating; food didn't strengthen me as it used to do.

"One day, in the latter part of the following October, whilst in service at Mrs. Firth's, Park Farm, Thornhill, I made a visit home. When I got there I had such pain and fluttering at the heart I could scarcely stand. This frightened my mother, so she got some of the neighbours to help me to the doctor's. He said, '*Your heart is in an alarming condition; you will have to be careful. On no account must you hurry or make any violent effort.*'

"The doctor's medicines did me no good; I got worse, and gave up my situation. Soon afterwards I had a nasty cough, and an irritation at the throat and chest that wouldn't let me sleep. I would sit up in bed till nearly daybreak, coughing and spitting, and was worse tired than when I went to bed. My legs trembled so with weakness I couldn't stand or walk much, and had to have help to wash or dress myself. Well, this is the way I got on, month after month. One day mother thought I was dying, and ran and fetched Mrs. Senior, a neighbour.

"The next January (1890) Mr. Kilner, of Messrs. Kilner Bros., Glass Bottle Manufacturers, Thornhill, Lees, recommended me to the Dewsbury Infirmary, where I stayed six weeks; but the doctor's physic did no real good. I kept wasting away, and people said there was no chance for me to get well.

"It was then I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I read of its curing a case like mine—read of it in a little book. My Mother sent for the Syrup. She bought it of Mr. J. Day, the chemist, at Thornhill, Lees. The first few doses made me feel better. The *pain at my heart was easier*, and my food agreed with me. So I kept on taking the Syrup and getting better. Presently I was strong enough to go to work. My colour came back, too, and I have been well and all right ever since. *If we could have afforded it we should have put the particulars of my case in the newspapers.* (Signed) Hannah Milnes, 18, Walker's Buildings, Brewery Lane, Thornhill, Lees, October 12th, 1892."

Now what is the common sense of Miss Milnes' experience? What was her ailment? It was indigestion and dyspepsia. The heart trouble was one of the symptoms of the *stomach* trouble. Virtually, this is the foundation fact about "heart disease," "heart failure," and all other organic disturbances. Cure the *cause* with Seigel's Curative Syrup and the results will pass away with it.

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LAST BUT NOT LEAST.

To prevent any misunderstanding I wish to state that the leaflet which will be found inset in this issue is not meant to be thrown away. Neither is it intended for lighting fires, while, admirably as it would lend itself for the manufacture of spills, I have not provided it for that purpose. The notion that it is supplied for the children to scribble on is equally unfounded. The truth of the matter is that the inset is an advertisement of a patent medicine—a subscription form to assist in defraying the expenses of administering a tonic of fresh air to thousands and thousands of little children whom we are anxious to provide with a holiday. I sincerely hope my readers will exert themselves in this matter, and do their utmost to replenish the coffers of the Fund. People will be found ready enough to give if others will have the kindheartedness to undertake the task of collecting.

PENCIL-CASES are offered for the fifty longest lists of words, which, by using each of the vowels a, e, i, o, u, other letters being unaltered, will give five English words, for example:

PAT. PET. PIT. POT. PUT.

Nuttall's dictionary will be the standard of reference. Lists in envelopes marked "Vowel" to reach us by Tuesday, June 4.

THE winner of the third cycle offered by the London Cycle Corporation is won by Mr. Vincent C. Bourne, 6, Victoria Terrace, Cheriton, Sandgate. The quotation, applicable to cycling, which he sends, is taken from Byron's "The Giaour," and runs as follows:

On—on he hastened, and he drew
My gaze of wonder as he flew;
Though like a demon of the night
He passed, and vanished from my sight.

Many other remarkably apt selections were forwarded, those sent by Messrs. W. Mole, J. Stanley, and Arthur Lees, being specially good.

A LADY READER puts the following question: "Have perfect strangers to you and those in your office as good a chance in your various competitions as others with whose names and efforts you are familiar. Unless there is a chance, or rather an equal chance for everyone, I cannot spare the time to compete, although I think you are perfectly justified in favouring your regular and frequent competitors if you wish to do so?"——If I did play such a low-down trick as to give some readers an unfair advantage over others I suppose I could hardly be expected to admit it. As a matter of fact, however, the names of the competitors are not even looked at until after the winners have been selected. Time has a certain amount of value even in the office of a weekly paper. I believe there are quite a number of people who imagine that by an elaborate system of false names and fictitious addresses I, myself, win most of the prizes I offer, or allot them to relatives and friends.

ONE of the funniest advertisements that I have seen for a long time has been sent to me by a correspondent. It was cut from a Sydney paper:

WANTED, a man to teach French and the piano, and to look after a stud bull.—C. B., P.O., Gunnedah.

The combination is altogether quaint.

GLADLY as I would undertake the work, if it were possible, I cannot see my way at present to convert this office into a labour bureau, and deeply as I sympathise with the deserving unemployed, an editor would certainly have no time for his other duties if he attempted to find work for all those who applied to him for assistance. I am induced to put the matter in this light from the numbers of applications I have had recently. This week there is one from a poor engineer's pattern maker, who pathetically concludes his letter by saying he would gladly give 2s. 6d. or 3s. a week to the F.A.F. out of his wages if only I could get him a job. The rule, however, must be adhered to. I am always willing to give any advice that lies in my power, but anything more than this is impossible.

D. E. R.—The best edible frogs come from Alsace.

Apropos of the question: "Why do rattlesnakes possess rattles?" I have received the following letter from J. S., who, after ten years spent on the prairies of the United States infested by these creatures, has come to the conclusion that the one and only use of the rattle is as a means of protection against the snake's natural foes. He writes:

Owing to the habit of wild animals to follow one another along existing paths in single file, the unenclosed prairie is traversed by well beaten and grassless tracks, usually twelve to fifteen inches wide. These afford so many roads for the frogs, quails, and other small creatures on which the rattlesnake feeds, and it is hidden on the grassy fringe of these highways of animal life that the reptile loves to lie coiled and ready to strike silently at any sufficiently small prey that passes. But should any large animal be heard approaching, whose wandering tread might bring danger to the ambuscading snake, then, and only then, the shrill rattle sounds its warning, and the activity with which the intruder springs aside testifies to the efficacy of the signal. Hogs, by the way, are persevering foes of the dreaded rattlesnake, and seem to receive its bite with virtual impunity although not without manifesting signs of pain.

THE article which we published recently under the heading "Have we too much machinery?" has called forth a long and interesting letter from Mr. Thomas Shore, the author of a clever little pamphlet "Men v. Machinery," in which he challenges the principal statements made by the author. While thanking him for the trouble he has taken in the matter, I regret that his communication is too long to reproduce here. The following epistle has also reached me from the Secretary of the London Society of Compositors:

With your permission, I would like to refer to a statement appearing under the heading of "Have we too much machinery?" in your issue of the 4th inst., to the effect that "a powerful printers' trade union in London had opposed the introduction of type-setting machines." Presumably it is the London Society of Compositors against whom the charge is levelled, and I desire on behalf of its executive and members to state that no charge could possibly be more devoid of truth. So far from opposing the introduction of composing machines, immediately we were requested by the employers to fix a scale for working them we expressed our willingness to do so, and as a result of a conference between the employers' representatives and ourselves, a scale was mutually agreed upon, and signed by both parties, during the early part of last year. Does that look like opposition?

One thing we are and shall continue to be opposed to—the attempt to reduce workmen's wages to a level which shall insure the success of machinery. In the case of composing machines, their utility entirely depends upon the skill and dexterity of the compositor who manipulates the key-board; that being so, we claim that he, and not the machine, is entitled to consideration.

LADY JUNE.—You have no legitimate ground whatever for harbouring any uncharitable sentiments towards your recent guests. The truth of the matter is that the one-time custom of writing letters of thanks after staying at a friend's house has fallen very much into disuse, and it is the exception rather than the rule to find people who are conservative enough to make a point of doing so. For my part, I regard the habit as a matter of useless repetition and formality.

JERVIS asks: "Which is supposed to be the coming race?"——What is the matter with the Derby, anyway?

N. M. L. asks: "To whom does buried money or treasure belong?"——Neither to the finder nor to the owner of the land on which it is discovered. The theory of the law is that all articles of gold and silver hidden in the earth belong to the Crown, and the authorities must be informed of treasure-trove. Morally, however, the right of the individual who unearths it would seem to be the greatest.

R. E. W. asks: "When was the piano first used in public?"——In the year 1767 at the Covent Garden Theatre. An old play bill issued a few days before the performance contains the following item: "At the end of Act I, Miss Bickler will sing a favourite song from 'Judith' accompanied by Mr. Dibdin on a new instrument called the 'piano-forte.'"

SMARTY.—There is nothing unique about the case you quote, although it is none the less interesting on that account. Quite a number of people have the gift or the knack of telling the time almost to a minute without consulting a clock or a watch, even when the sun is obscured. I remember a curious case that was mentioned by Dr. Willis. A poor idiot boy was accustomed all his life to repeat the strokes of a clock near which he lived in a loud voice. Some years later his family moved to a neighbouring village where there was no public timepiece. In spite of this, however, he continued to call the hours successively and with such regularity that his family conducted all their business by his proclamation of time.

H. C. asks: "What is considered solvency in the case of a sick and death benefit society and insurance company; if every member died at the same time all the claims could certainly not be met?"——A company is considered solvent so long as it can meet the claims on deaths of members proportionate to the average death rate.

TWINKLE is anxious to know which country consumes the most ice?——The United States—that land of iced drinks—comes first. No self-respecting American would ever drink water that is not liberally iced, and the consumption of ice-cream is simply prodigious. Next, curiously enough, comes Russia. Throughout the summer ices are sold in the streets of almost every Russian town; the demand in the shops is enormous, and tea, as well as wine and beer, are usually consumed half frozen. In St. Petersburg alone there are over 10,000 ice-houses where the winter's harvest is stored.

I AM asked to inform R. D. A. when and where life insurance originated. According to the encyclopædia, the earliest life assurance policy of which particulars have been preserved was made on June 15th, 1583, at the "Office of Insurance within the Royal Exchange," in London. The policy was for £383 6s. 8d., to be paid to Richard Martin in the event of William Gybbons dying within twelve months. Now this same William Gybbons died on May 28th, 1584, and the underwriters refused to pay because he had survived twelve months of twenty-eight days each. It was finally determined, however, that the twelve months mentioned in the policy meant one full year, and so the first authentic and disputed claim was settled. The earliest known life assurance company was established in 1699. It was known, I believe, as the "Society of Assurance for Widows and Orphans."

THE following question has reached me from an American correspondent: "Is there any instance on record of a woman in your country serving the office of executioner?"——No official information is forthcoming on the subject. However, I have every reason to believe it is true, that either towards the end of last century or early in this, a woman undertook the ghastly work, although it must be said that she did not do so as a matter of choice. She was an Irish woman who had been condemned to death, and was released on the condition of performing for others the duties of hangman, which included the initial flogging as the unfortunate victim was dragged through the streets to the place of execution. She was a well-known character in Connaught and commonly went by the title of "Lady Betty." True to human nature, she is said to have been especially severe on any unfortunate member of her own sex that came under her hands. There are no faults we can forgive less readily than those we are ourselves acquainted with.

V. B. B.—A clergyman cannot legally marry himself to a wife.

W. G. asks: "Is there any truth in the statement that it is most healthy to sleep with the head pointing northwards?"——Not an atom, so far as my experience goes. How people can believe in such stories I do not know. A certain amount of so-called evidence has, I am told, been collected from time to time in support of the theory, but until something a little more convincing is found I prefer to regard it all as a farrago of nonsense. In the meantime the most authoritative statement on the subject comes from a French philosopher who declares that the action of the continuous waves of terrestial magnetism on the nervous system varies with the position of the head, and is most beneficial or least disturbing when the body is lying in the same direction as a magnetic needle. Imagination, however, has probably more to do with the result than anything else.

Q. W. R.—Forty-eight pennies weigh a pound.

I AM now able to give the result of the First Collecting Competition which I promised last week. A glance at the figures will show what a keen contest there has been, and to what an extent the F.A.F. has benefited. The first prize—a £22 bicycle presented by The Nimrod Cycle Co., of Bristol—has been won by Mr. H. H. Snow, 3, Milford Cottages, Ventnor, who succeeded in collecting no less than £23 3s. 3½d. Mr. F. Shakespeare, of Bellbone, Church Road, Yardley, Birmingham, who wins the second prize, was not far behind, sending in £18 3s. 6d., and, in return, receiving a "Kodet" camera, given by Messrs. Eastman and Co., of 115, Oxford Street. The winner of the third prize, a £3 3s. suit, given by the Limerick Clothing Co., of Limerick, is Mr. S. Ackroyd, 30, Campbell Grove, Nottingham, who has succeeded in collecting £12 0s. 6d. A guinea set of crockery, given by the Pearson's Pottery Co., of Hanley, falls to the share of Miss Annie Semple, c/o Zimber Brothers, Quay, New Ross, Ireland, whose total amounted to £5 13s. 0d. Finally, the fifth prize goes to Mr. A. Naylor, 10, Blenheim Street, Rumley, who, for his exertions in raising £5 1s. 5d., receives a guinea bat presented by Messrs. Pilling and Briggs, of Manchester.

The following is a list of subscriptions to the F.A.F. up to date:

Amount Previously Acknowledged . £178 19s. 9d.

A Friend of the Newsagents, £5; F. T. Thurlbon, 3d.; W. L. Nixon, 1s.; For the Children, 2s. 3d.; H. R., 2s. 6d.; Gainsborough, 1s.; W. E. Hampshire, 1s.; L. M., 3s.; J. Hitchon, 3s.; Fuz, 10s.; Anon., 1s.; A Lover of the Country, 5s. 3d.; Gladys M. King, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Shaw, 2s.; Cheque, Dublin, £1 1s.; J. Ashworth, 2s. 6d.; J. Davey, 1s.; J. Z. P., 2s.; J. W. P., 10s.; Self and Another, 1s. 6d.; Nil Desperandum, 5s.; K. Cameron, 1s.; C. K. B., 10s.; Onda, 9d.; Receiver of Penknife, 1s.; V. Wild, 10s.; Victor Wild, 3s.; S. Townshend, 5s.; T. C. Pittaway, 2s.

Collected: Sergeants and Friends, 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, £1 10s.; E. H. H., £5 2s. 6d.; C. Sey, 5s. 7d.; A. Naylor, £5 1s. 5d.; Annie Semple, £5 13s.; S. D. Hunter, £1 5s. 3d.; E. Bradstock, 2s.; E. W. Ogilvie, 10s.; Mrs. F. S. Shakespeare, £18 3s. 6d.; Redditch and District Cycling Club, £1 1s.; H. H. Snow, £23 3s. 3½d.; S. Ackroyd, £12 0s. 6d.; A. G. Newton, £2 5s.; A. A. Strachan, £1 6s.; G. B. Williams, 8s. 1d.; T. R. Seymour, £1 11s. 9d.; M. Sharp, £1 9s.; Miss Daw, £1 10s. 10d.; Harry Page, £2 16s. 3d.; Alice M. Starch, 11s. 6d.; Sergeants' Mess, 3rd King's Royal Rifles, 11s.

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WEEK ENDING
JUNE 1. 1895.

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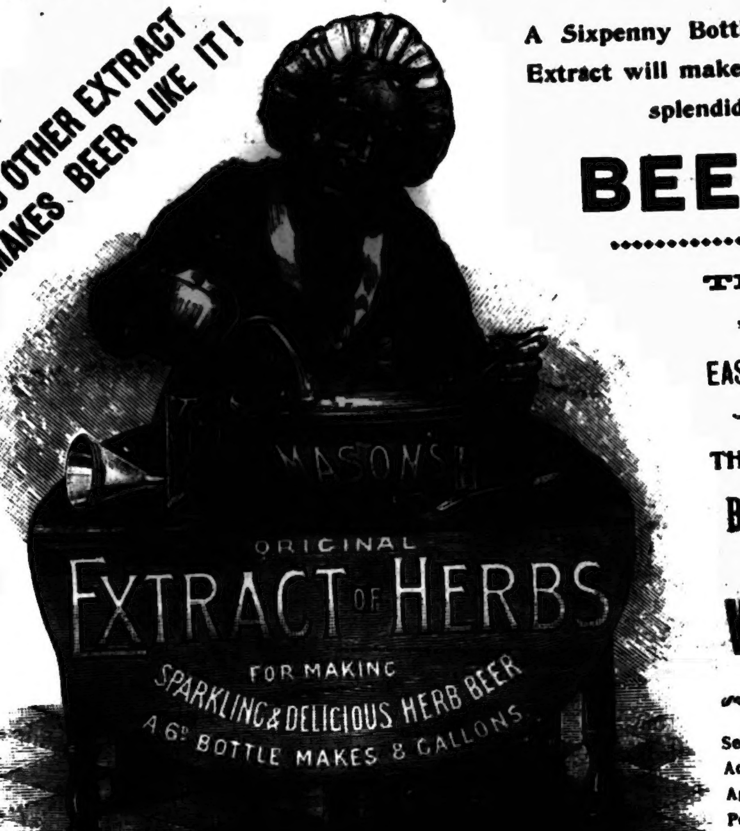

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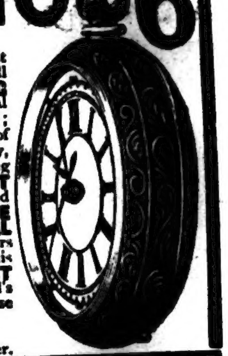

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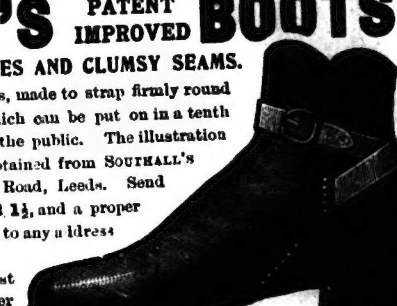

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Absolutely imperishable. No preparation or heating required. Very fluid, and will never thicken. Ordinary steel pen can be used, and articles marked with them may be washed at once. Highest testimonials from principal Steam Laundries. Has been mentioned most favourably by leading London papers (also *Pearson's Weekly*, date Feb. 9, 1895). Bottles, 1/2, 2/6, and 5/- each, post free.

WE INTEND TO GIVE AWAY £5,000 IN CASH PRIZES of £1, £2 10s., and £5. Every person can easily win these prizes.

By purchasing a bottle of our Marking Ink for 1/2, it will entitle you to compete for a £1 cash prize. By purchasing one for 2/6 it will enable you to compete for a £2 10s. cash prize, and by purchasing one for 5/- it will enable you to compete for a £5 cash prize.

Please note we are not asking you to send money to contribute towards these prizes, but are giving you full value, besides the opportunity of winning the prizes.

This is not a competition in which only one amongst many can win, but every competitor may get a prize.

INK REMOVER.

We have discovered a method by which all Ink spots can easily be taken out from linen shirts, cuffs, collars, handkerchiefs, serviettes, lace, paper, books, &c., without leaving any mark or injuring the finest fabric.

For 2/- we will send you a quart of the Ink destroyer, which will last you a very long while, or for 5/- we will send you the recipe, how to make it yourself at a small cost.

SOME UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

The London Female Guardian Society, 191, High Street, Stoke Newington, N. March 26th, 1895.

Messrs. Wolff.

Gentlemen,—A perfect Marking Ink for linen, to be of real business value and handy for the million, should require no other accessory than a fine steel pen, should not blur, should always obey the helm, and before it has had time to dry, should, like the leopard's spots, be irremovable. I am pleased to report, after many exhaustive tests extending over three months made in the Steam Laundry of this Society, that the samples of your Black and Red "Egyptian" Marking Inks submitted for trial possess all these essential qualities. For rapid sorting and washing, and for reducing the range of symbols and numbers, the introduction of these fluid coloured marking inks is, in my judgment, a boon to the laundry trade that cannot fail to be appreciated.

Yours faithfully,
W. EDWIN PAGE, Secretary.

Albert Laundry, Holloway, N., March 12th, 1895.

Messers. Wolff & Co.

Dear Sirs,—We have given your "Egyptian" Red Marking Ink a trial, and are so satisfied with it that we intend to use it permanently in our Laundry. Please therefore deliver one 2/6 bottle as soon as possible and oblige. P.O. to value inclosed herewith.

Yours faithfully, TIMBERLAKE & Co.

B. WOLFF & CO., 105, Greenlanes, Clissold Park, LONDON, N.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

Bordered.	per doz.	Hem-stitched.	per doz.
Children's	1/3		
Ladies'	2/3	Ladies'	2/9
Gents'	3/3	Gents'	3/11

Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—*The Queen.*

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars, Ladies' 3-fold, 3/6 per doz. Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz.

Shirts, Best quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold Linen Fronts, 35/6 per ½ doz. (to measure 2/- extra).

"Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—*Myra's Journal.*

(By Special Appointments to the Queen and Empress Frederick of Germany.)

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

STANTON, THE PEOPLE'S DENTIST.

335, STRAND (Opposite Somerset House).

TEETH on VULCANITE, 2s. 6d. each, upper or lower set, £1. Best quality, 4s. each, upper or lower, £2. Completed in four hours when required. Repairing or alterations in two hours. Teeth on platinum, 7s. 6d. each, on 18c. gold, 15s., stopping, 2s. 6d., extraction, 1s., painless, by gas, 5s.

Hours 10 till 7. Saturdays 10 till 4.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING BOTTLE.

Cures Cold in the Head, cures Nervous Headache, instantly relieves Hay Fever and Neuralgia in the Head, is the best remedy for Faintness and Dizziness.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Price ONE SHILLING.

Post-free 15 stamps, from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading.

Refuse worthless imitations.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

"JEYES' FLUID" THE BEST DISINFECTANT.

Office: 43, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

SCOTCH TWEEDS

FINEST MANUFACTURED

Purchase Direct FROM Manufacturers	And Save all INTERMEDIATE Profits.

NEWEST DESIGNS

In all first-class qualities in

SAXONY, CHEVIOT, HARRIS, And other Tweeds.

Also LADIES' DRESSES MANTLES, &c.

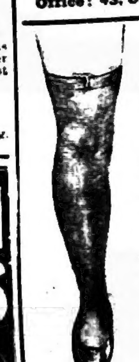
Goods carriage paid. Patterns post free.

ROBERTS, SOMERVILLE & CO., SCOTCH TWEED MANUFACTURERS, GALASHIELS, N.B.

AGENTS WANTED.

THE

"DUCHESS" Stocking Retainer



With Retainer.

THE 20th CENTURY GARTER.

ENTIRELY SUPERSEDES EVERY KIND OF ELASTIC BUCKLE, CLIP, BAND, or SUSPENDER STRAP.

Made of Aluminium, feather weight, will never tarnish or wear out. A boon to those who have suffered In Any Way, at Any Time of Life by the pressure of the old, injurious garter.

Can be worn above or below the knee.

FULL INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN WITH EACH PAIR.

OF ALL DRAPERS, 1/- Per Pair.

FREE FOR 13 STAMPS BY Miss TALIS, John St., SALE.

HOW TO PATENT AN INVENTION

ADVICE GRATIS.

BOOK, giving full particulars as to Cost, Forms, &c., FREE from

CASSELL & CO., Registered Patent Agents, 22, Glasshouse St., Regent St., London.

RUPTURE

CURED WITHOUT OPERATION

S. J. SHERMAN, HERNIA SPECIALIST, NOW SENDS HIS MOST INTERESTING BOOK OF FULL INFORMATION, POST FREE 7d.

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All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

6,000,000 BOXES SOLD YEARLY.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Have been before the Public for 50 years, and have by far the largest sale of any proprietary remedy. Persons subject to bilious attacks, or who suffer from stomachic disorders, should never be without a box at hand. Their gigantic success and genuine worth are well known in every English-speaking country in the world, and the proof of their excellence lies in the fact that they are generally adopted as the family medicine after the first trial.

BEECHAM'S TOOTH PASTE

Recommends itself. It is a most pleasant and reliable dentifrice, and is put up in collapsible tubes at ONE SHILLING each.

BEECHAM'S ADVERTISEMENT DIALOGUE COMPETITIONS.

A DIVORCE COURT INCIDENT.

(Winning Dialogue sent in by Mr. A. MacGillicuddy.)

Counsel: "You say that you remember the co-respondent's visit to respondent on November 21st?"

Witness: "Yes."

Counsel: "And overheard their conversation?"

Witness: "Yes, a part of it. I heard the co-respondent distinctly say, 'You are giddy, be persuaded by me, do as I wish.'"

Counsel: "Was it by putting your ear to the keyhole that you heard this?"

Witness: "Yes."

Counsel: "Did curiosity then prompt you to *look* through the keyhole?"

Witness: "Yes."

Counsel: "And what did you see?"

Witness: "The respondent and co-respondent seated together on the sofa, and he was in the act of handing her a *Box of Beecham's Pills.*"

Counsel: "Then he was, after all, only her Guide, Pill-offerer, and Friend."

The offer of a prize of One Guinea for the most suitable dialogue for "A Divorce Court Incident" illustration by the Proprietor of Beecham's Pills has brought out a vast number of competitors, and they are one and all thanked for their efforts. Many persons who have used Beecham's Pills for years have taken the opportunity to inclose gratifying testimonials as to the merits of the Pills, and these, if published, would speak volumes; but Beecham's Pills will recommend themselves. The dialogues have been most varied in form, and the selection of the best has been no light task. Competitors must not be surprised at the length of time taken in publishing the result, as the dialogues have been sent from all parts. Consolation prizes have been sent to the following:—Mr. J. Mc. A. Boyd, Mr. J. H. Holloway, Mr. S. Baxter, Mr. A. Cookson, Mr. H Manton, Mr. C. M. Paget, Mr. T. H. Bellamy, R.N.R., Mr. R. M. Williams, Mr. A. Evans, Mr. H. V. Haffendon, Sergt. H. Wilkes, Mrs. Stuart Peters.